A Report on the South

First Article by
EARL BROWDER

War Weekends in Prague

F. C. WEISKOPF

Frank Murphy

Michigan's Progressive Governor

STEPHEN PEABODY

The Ebro Front

A Cable from Spain

JOSEPH NORTH

Father O'Flanagan

CORA MacALBERT

Foreign Intrigue in Mexico

MARC FRANK

Granville Hicks on Left Romancers'

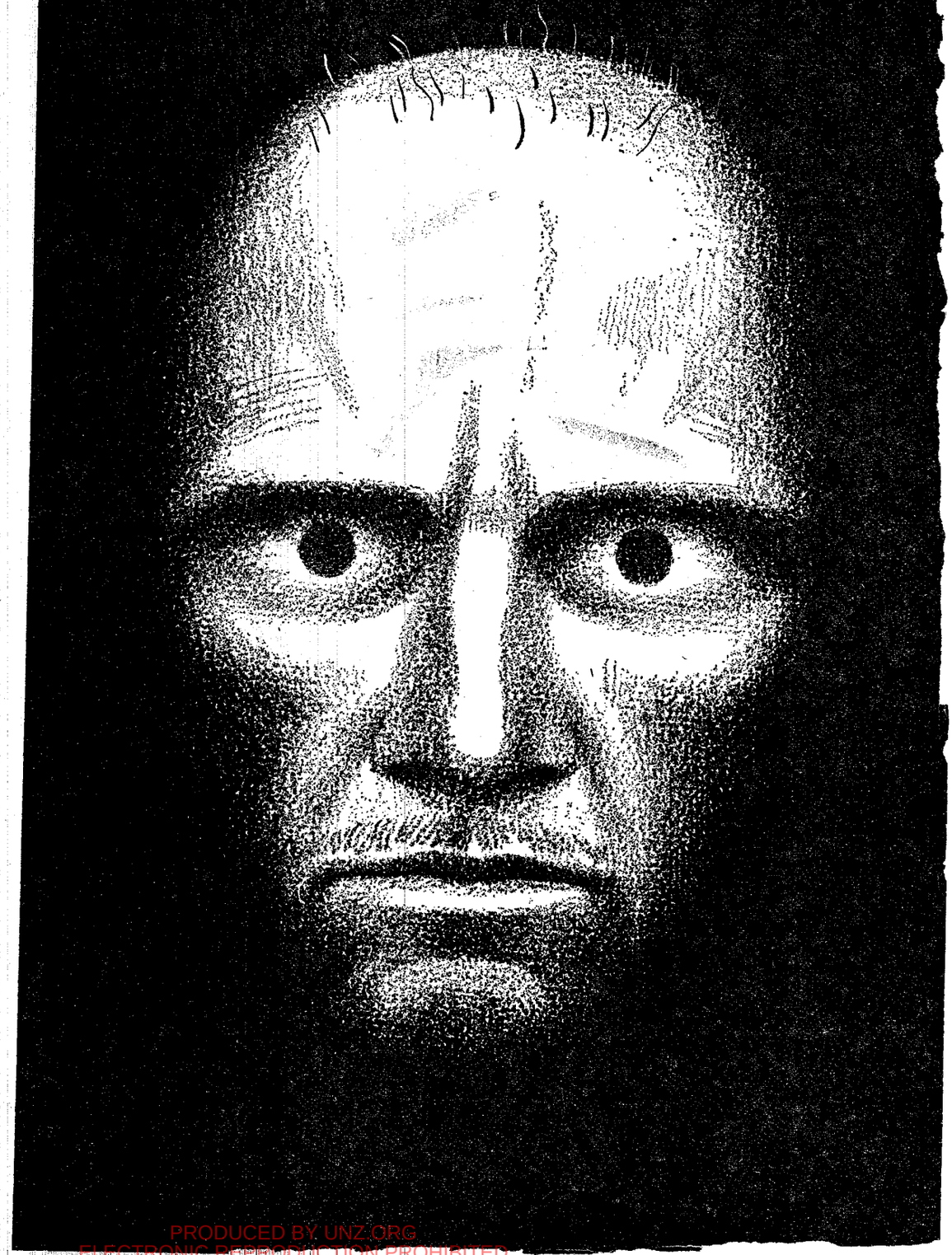
Cartoons by Gropper, Ned Hilton, Ben Yomen, Snow, Del, and Others

ON THE COVER
ROCKWELL KENT
A Self-Portrait
TURN TO PAGE 9

UG. 23, 1938

FIFTEEN CENTS

New MASSES



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INCLUDED in material scheduled for early publication:

An interview with President Cárdenas of Mexico, by Myra Page.

Reports on the Teachers Union convention and the Second World Youth Congress.

An article on "Cotton Ed" Smith, South Carolina's reactionary senator for the past thirty years, by Lee Coller.

An article on Arthur H. James, Republican candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, by Earl McCoy.

The situation in Minnesota, with special emphasis on Governor Benson, by Meridel Le Sueur.

The important election campaign in Montana, where Rep. Jerry O'Connell is the candidate.

Problems of the democratic front, discussed in a letter by a Communist to a Socialist.

A series of three articles on the little business man, by Joseph Starobin.

A sentence in Bruce Minton's review of John Strachey's *What Are We to Do?* read, "Once Strachey has sketched with unchallengeable logic the reasons for the British Labor Party's weaknesses and failures, once he has shown the tendency of disgusted workers to take recourse in a political syndicalism, he goes about answering the question, "What are we to do?" ". . . a political" should, of course, read "apolitical."

What's What

NORMAN BROOKES, of New South Wales, Australia, writing to thank us for copies of NEW MASSES, gives the following picture of Australian labor and political conditions:

"The situation on the Australian front is, at the present, principally noted for the government's blind acceptance of Chamberlain's support of fascism; the banning, or, rather, so severe censorship, of Judge Foster's broadcast address on "Freedom of Speech" that he refused to deliver it. (The judge is one of the occasional miracles that happen . . . a democrat and one who took a notable part in the stirring and successful anti-conscription campaigns during the last war); and finally the boost given over the National Broadcasting Stations (responsible for the aforementioned censorship) to Hitler's agent, von Luckner, and the energetic campaign by the working class (led by the Communist Party and the trade unions) to ensure that his pernicious doctrines do not pollute the Australian air.

"The situation in the labor movement is still confused, and all the evils of disunity are affecting the movement. So strong is the grip of the right-wing reactionaries on the machine that the rank and file, whose policy is that of labor throughout the world, have been unable to dislodge them, the result of which is that they (the right-wing leaders) have just led the Australian Labor Party to its seventh successive defeat. The principal reason for the defeat is the ineptitude of the policy of the leadership which tails along behind the war-preparing government. The following statement by J. Curtin, federal labor leader, will give some idea of the lack of policy of the Labor Party. Speaking in regard to Chamberlain's infamous thieves'-pact with Mussolini, he says, *inter alia*, "It would be impertinent for this government to sit in judgment on the foreign policy put forward by the Prime Minister of England."

"At present occupying the front rank of controversial questions is the attempt, on the part of the government to foist upon the people a contributory national-insurance scheme, the net result of which will be to lower the living standard, by reducing real wages, at the same time giving benefits that are only on a par with those already enjoyed as a result of labor legislation without any super-tax on the masses. The basis for the recommendation is contained in a report by an alleged British expert, as is practically every concerted attack on the workers' conditions."

Agnes Walsh writes us that she heard Father O'Flanagan's Madison Square Garden speech and was carried away with the rest. "Since then I have been wondering about Father O'Flanagan's position in the Church. I have heard him referred to as an ex-priest, while he himself says that he is still a priest in good standing." Cora MacAlbert's article in this issue should clear up the point.

Upton Sinclair sends us this copy of a letter he has written to the Mooney Defense Committee:

"As a writer I try to learn new things and to deal with new themes in my books; but so long as Tom Mooney stays in jail it is the duty of every writer in America to go on saying the same thing over and over: Tom Mooney was convicted upon perjured testimony. Tom Mooney should come out from San Quentin prison, and until that happens, the state of California carries a blot upon its forehead. The same is true of the governor of California and of every justice of the California Supreme Court."

Between Ourselves

THIS WEEK

VOL. XXVIII, No. 9

August 23, 1938

An Historic Report on the South *by Earl Browder* 3
War Weekends in Prague *by J. C. Weiskopf* 5
Murphy of Michigan *by Stephen Peabody* 7
Artists: Unite! *by Rockwell Kent* 9
Editorial Comment 11
Keeping the Bulls Busy *by Joseph North* 14
Father Michael O'Flanagan *by Cora MacAlbert* 15
Coney Fourth *by Marshall Schacht* 16
The Ruling Passion 17
Barcelona Book Fair 18
Foreign Intrigue in Mexico *by Marc Frank* 18
Franklin and the Jews 19
Readers' Forum 20

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Romancers of the Left *by Granville Hicks* 22
British Symposium *by V. J. McGill* 23
Work Relief Program *by William Spencer* 25
Odyssey of the Jews *by Joseph Frank* 27
Analysis of Race Prejudice *by Bernhard J. Stern* 27
Magazine 28
Meditation on Ancestry *by Robert Bhain Campbell* . . . 28
Movies *by James Dugan* 29

Art work by Rockwell Kent (cover), C. Bean, Del, Ned Hilton, Snow, Beck, Bertrando Vallotton, John Stenvall, Julio de Diego, Ad Reinhardt, Malman, Tom Funk, Beatrice Tobias, Lynd Ward.

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Who's Who

F. C. WEISKOPF is editor of the *Volks-Illustrierte*, a leading German weekly published in Prague. He is also a novelist whose books enjoyed wide sale in Germany before Hitler. . . . Stephen Peabody is a Michigan journalist. . . . Joseph North is NEW MASSES correspondent in Spain. . . . Cora MacAlbert has contributed to NEW MASSES before. A few months ago she returned from a year and a half in Vienna. . . . Marc Frank is our Mexican correspondent. . . . Marshall Schacht is a young poet who has contributed to NEW MASSES, POETRY, and other journals. . . . V. J. McGill teaches at Hunter College. . . . Bernhard J. Stern is a member of the Columbia University faculty. . . . The woodcut by Lynd Ward, reproduced on page 25 is reproduced from his novel in woodcuts, *Vertigo*.

Flashbacks

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY wrote to Governor Fuller of Massachusetts on the evening of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti (Aug. 23, 1927): "I cry to you with a million voices; answer our doubt! Exert the clemency which your high office affords! There is need in Massachusetts for a great man tonight. It is not too late for you to be that man." The great man that night was not the Governor. Vanzetti, after the execution of his friend and just before his own said: "If it had not been for this thing, I might have died unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career, and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of men as now we do by accident. Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fishpeddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph." . . . For Negroes, August 22 is a day doubly memorable: On midnight of that day in 1791, Negro slaves in Haiti under the leadership of Toussaint L'Ouverture, revolted against their French masters; and in 1831 on that day Negro slave Nat Turner launched a revolt against the white slaveholders of Virginia.

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C. Bean

AN HISTORIC REPORT ON THE SOUTH

In the First in His Series of Weekly Articles, the General Secretary of the Communist Party Discusses the Document Submitted by the President's National Emergency Council

EARL BROWDER

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S National Emergency Council has made an historic report on the economic conditions of the South. Confining itself to the simple recital of established facts, it is by implication a political document of first importance, as an indictment of Wall Street rule of absentee ownership typical of capitalist development but exaggerated in the South on the basis of remnants of slavery. Its inevitable programmatic conclusions, inherent in the facts, are clearly along the lines of struggle against monopoly capital, against the economic royalists; this was demonstrated at once by the howl immediately raised against the report by all tories, North and South. All progressives and true democrats, whatever their other differences, will, if they are at all awake to the realities of the day, rally around this report and help to develop its implied program of progress for the South.

It would be very easy for Communists to content themselves with the lesson that the South requires Socialism for its full emancipation from the terrible conditions revealed in the report. For that is in truth an inescapable conclusion for all who would dig down to the very roots of the problem. The Soviet Union with its Socialist system is revealing, in its development of its many constituent republics, especially those formerly most exploited under czarism, how economic deserts under capitalism quickly become blooming gardens under Socialism. As the report of the President's committee makes clear on many detailed problems of the South, most of the problems of especially depressed areas are the product of social institutions stemming directly from capitalist monopoly.

But the argument for a new, Socialist organization of our national life is not the immediate conclusion for the great majority of Americans, and especially not for Southerners. Most Americans have not yet faced the issue of Socialism. Are we therefore to conclude, as the dogmatists and confusionists of Socialism doubtless will, that nothing good will come of the President's committee's report, until the American people are ready for Socialism? No, such a conclusion would be wrong and harmful, a betrayal of the interests of the South and of the nation. Immediate conclusions from the report will be drawn by the majority of the American people, before the issue of Socialism is faced, but conclusions of tremendous importance for the future of America. We Communists, and together with us, we hope, all sincere Socialists, will give all possible help to crystallizing *majority opinion* on this report in the direction of a *minimum program for the South,* behind which can be rallied the progressive and democratic majority of the people, North and South. This is a task of today, not tomorrow, and is a task, as President Roosevelt has correctly emphasized, for the whole country, not merely for the South itself.

For many years the Communist Party has been deeply concerned with these problems of the South, so well summarized by the report of the National Emergency Council. We have suffered great hardships to maintain the growing Southern movement. Hundreds of our best men and women have risked their lives in pioneer work for the rising Southern labor movement and the Negro liberation movement, and many have given their lives in this cause. At our Tenth National Convention we greet-

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ed with joy the first well organized representation from the whole South, and expressed our judgment that this was a sign of political awakening of the whole South, not merely the small growth of our still weak Communist Party. The President's report comes now to confirm this judgment of ours, and further to stimulate the great movement for Southern regeneration.

What are the main features of an immediate program for the South around which can be rallied now the majority of Southerners and of all Americans?

First of all, the people of the South must be enlisted in their own voluntary organizations, designed to bring them into active work and fight for their economic needs. Trade unions for the workers, various cooperative and other organizations for the farmers—these are the foundation stones for all Southern progress. The work begun in Harlan, Ky., must be carried to completion.

Then the Southern working people, agricultural and industrial, must find ways and means to regain some measure of genuine political control of their states. Democracy in the South, long prostituted to a Southern bourbonism which is nothing but a local agency for Wall Street exploitation and oppression, must be reclaimed for the working population, with the participation of an awakening Southern intellectual group.

To that end it is imperative that all progressive forces move in concerted action as against the common enemy, that there must be a progressive democratic front. That means, especially now, working relations between the labor movement (including the Communists and Socialists) and the New Deal wing of Southern Democracy, to guarantee that no dissensions among the people shall help the bourbons retain their old dictatorial power of the South. That means effective anti-lynching legislation. That means a great united movement to regain the franchise for the Southern masses, most of whom are denied the vote by poll taxes and other devices (in Mississippi, only about 10 percent of adults participate in elections, and the problem is general for the whole South). That means, above all, uniting the white and Negro populations into an effective Southern democracy.

President Roosevelt and his associates are working out—slowly, it is true—various concrete measures for the economic rehabilitation of the South, all of which are worthy of support, no matter how limited the objective of each measure. While supporting all such separate measures, however, it is necessary to point out the need for a comprehensive program which tackles all sides of the problem simultaneously from a unified approach. Such a program for the South is still to be hammered out.

All progress for the South, however, is conditioned upon the destruction of the old bourbon machine of the Democratic Party. Exercising a monopoly of political power in the South, exploiting all the poverty and ignorance arising from Wall Street's absentee-ownership government for its further perpetuation, with the great majority of the people effectively disfranchised, Southern bourbonism has been not only the octopus that has strangled the South, but it has simultaneously been a source of poison for the nation as a whole. The leadership of the anti-Roosevelt wing of the Democratic Party stems first of all from Southern bourbonism. This old Solid South of reaction has been the greatest threat of fascism for the United States. It must be undermined and destroyed, root and branch. A new South, a new democracy, must arise. Otherwise the President's report might just as well not have been written, for nothing will come of it.

But a new South is arising before our eyes. On the basis of the rising labor movement, and the stirrings of the New Deal ideas among the masses, we witness a challenge to bourbonism even from the progressive Southern bourgeoisie. Supreme Court Justice Black, of Alabama, and his successor in the Senate, Lister Hill, certainly do not represent the Old South. Senator Pepper, of Florida, sounds a new note for the South. President Roosevelt himself, with his enormous personal popularity in the South, is a big factor in the promise that the basis of reactionary power in the past can become a stronghold of progress in the near future.

The report of the President's National Emergency Council on the economic conditions and problems of the South is therefore a first-class historical and political document. It deserves the closest study and attention of everyone. It is a contribution to the unity of thought and action of progressive and democratic America.

"Name Your Poison."

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WAR WEEKENDS IN PRAGUE

The Nazi Menace to the Czechs Takes Many Forms

F. C. WEISKOPF

Prague, August 1.

OPPOSITE me now sits a young man, his complexion darkened from the sun. He is dressed in civilian clothes but his bearing and speech and his habit, though seated, of clicking his heels when replying to a question, all betray the soldier. Indeed, the young man is an officer-in-training from the German army; or rather he *was* until a few days ago. By now his name has probably been stricken from the eligibles and has been transferred to one of those numerous lists which are continually being prepared and augmented by the FD section of the Gestapo, the "Missing Persons" section engaged in hunting deserters. For the man before me deserted his outfit and crossed the border into Czechoslovakia to join company with those new-style emigrants whose number is already quite substantial.

Why? As an officer-in-training, he was not motivated by inadequate rations or mistreatment, like many privates who have fled from Germany. This man left because he saw war just ahead.

"In the week before July 15, we were kept in strict readiness," he says. "Just as on May 21, our company was given its full quota of munitions. Villages near our garrison were loaded down with artillery and armored cars. Shacks along the border housed the SS leaders and Special Call officers, in civilian dress but ready to be the first 'over the top.' During instruction period, we were told that 'the situation in Sudeten German territory has grown intolerable and a revolt is certain.'"

In other words, July 15 was one of those crucial dates when all Europe waits with bated breath for the expected Nazi putsch. Again the whispering campaign of Henlein's Sudeten German Party operated feverishly. The FS, initials of the Henlein storm-troop organization, was set to go. The officialdom was mobilized. Precise instructions were given to the Nazi-controlled trade unions and the "coordinated" manufacturers' associations. They were only waiting for the signal, a general strike. "This time, *he's* coming, definitely."

But again, the democratic forces were on the alert. As early as July 11, the Communist and Social Democratic press divulged the plans of Henlein's *Sudetendeutsche Partei*. On July 13, the independent trade unions issued a warning of the emergency. The anti-fascist organizations served notice that any terroristic attempt to force industry to a standstill would meet with an active counter-movement. And the government, again, as on May 21, impelled and strengthened by the evident determination of every democratic group in the country, took the necessary measures with speed and energy, despite any lack of outward show. Factory owners and union representatives allied with the SDP were informed that they would be taken into custody the moment they made a move to close down plants or create disturbances. Police forces in the Sudeten received reenforcements. And that was as much as was needed: the SDP called the whole thing off. The sensational report of renewed mobilizations in Czechoslovakia which Berlin then inspired was just to cover up a retreat which Henlein's foreign masters now found advisable.

On May 21 and on July 15 the Third Reich's plan of attack foundered upon the rock of Czechoslovakia's determination to defend herself and the loyalty of Prague's allies. From this Berlin concluded that a change in tactics was necessary. Indirect action must replace direct and, for the present, diplomatic pressure might succeed where military force had failed. While Wiedemann was on his mission to London, Sebekovsky, a member of the upper councils of the SDP (and one of the three men who have built up Henlein) was at work on parallel lines in Karlsbad. To the British, Wiedemann dangled the bait of an air agreement, a neutrality accord, peaceable solutions of all shapes and kinds. And in a like vein, Sebekovsky issued a statement that "for the sake of peace" the SDP was willing to "make concessions" on the point of indemnities for injuries to the Sudeten Germans since 1918—one of the demands in Henlein's so-called Karlsbad program. The thought behind these sudden peace gestures is revealed in two documents which saw the light almost simultaneously. One is the report of a Danish officer which gives precise data with respect to the rapid massing of troops and war material throughout lower Austria. The second is a memorandum of secret instructions from the SDP inner councils to ranking officials of that party which the Prague *Sozial-Demokrat* published with

"Damn that fellow, Roosevelt!" Ned Hilton

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all the facts, figures, names, and telltale evidence. These instructions said, "Hold all members ready for call to action" between August 20 and 22. The document has an unmistakable military flavor and amounts to an order for a test mobilization for civil war.

If Wiedemann's mission is successful and the British friends of Hitler and Henlein are enabled to lend them active support, they will try to toss a wrench into the Czech government's efforts to settle internal problems of long standing. They would drop consideration of the Statute of Nationalities. This explains the sudden shift on this point both by Henlein and Hitler. Newspapers and radio stations of the Reich Propaganda Ministry and their Sudeten German Charlie McCarthies had been bitterly attacking the Prague government for "dilly-dallying," "deliberately stalling," "sabotaging the Sudeten question"—such were the catchwords. Now, suddenly, the SDP "warns earnestly against precipitate action on the Statute of Nationalities." Overnight the whole pack of "coordinated" editors and radio commentators raised a hue and cry over the evident intent of the Prague government to confront the Sudeten Germans with a *fait accompli*. The *Voelkische Beobachter* became hysterical when some of the terms of the Statute of Nationalities were published. Herr Kundt, head of Henlein's parliamentary bloc, was equally explosive. They protested not against the terms but against their publication. This shows as clearly as anything what Henlein and Hitler had in mind.

It is an elementary rule in politics as in war that the advantages gained by a victory should at least be commensurate with the effort necessary for the victory.

On May 21, Czechoslovakian democracy fought a victorious battle. But the victory was not quickly or effectively turned to account. If immediately after breaking down Hitler's attempted attack, the Prague government had published the Statute of Nationalities and brought it before Parliament even in its unfinished form, it would have given physical proof of its sincere desire to effect a reconciliation between the Sudeten Germans and the Czechs, thereby putting Hitler and Henlein on the spot. In the wake of the Nazi retreat after the first collective defensive action by the Western democracies, peace in Sudeten territory could have been advanced on the one correct and durable principle long since advanced by the Czech and German anti-fascists: to grant all nationality and social rights to the Sudeten German population and to refuse to make any concessions to Henlein and his rulers.

This favorable moment was permitted to pass; the enemy was given time to beat an orderly retreat and gird itself for a fresh attack. The blame for this lies mostly with the right wing among the Prague government parties, such as the Agrarians, which, in fact, had backed the Henlein movement at its origin. The stages which led up to the delay are rather involved. Each stage was the result of certain incomplete developments, in themselves often contradictory. On the one hand, the right wing of the Agrarian Party represents substantially the same tendency as the Flandin-Laval group in France or the Cliveden set in Britain, a tendency which recently found expression in the exclamation of an Agrarian banking magnate, "I would rather be annexed by Hitler than defended by Voroshilov." On the other hand, these same big capitalist groups have exaggerated Henlein's strength and now dabble in a coalition led by Rudolf Beran, the right-wing Agrarian leader, and Henlein as their domestic policy and a Prague-Berlin entente as their foreign policy. At the same time they are bitterly opposed to equal rights in the use of languages and stubbornly cling to the present practice of only allowing the restricted use of the minority languages in courts and government places. And yet, it is precisely in the matter of freedom to use other languages that the Prague government, without in the least compromising its sovereignty, could make the broadest concessions. This could not fail to have an immediate effect on the Sudeten population for whom it would mean an immediate palpable gain.

Although the most favorable moment was passed, understanding between the Czechs and the Sudeten Germans can still be carried successfully forward. The Statute of Nationalities can be used as an excellent start for such an understanding. Its provisions are still little known for they have not yet been completed. But whatever is known of its general direction and chief provisions merits approval. The statute provides for settlement of the language question; and that is a good thing. The minorities (the word nationalities is to be used hereafter, a change with more than lexicographical significance) will have greater opportunity to use their own language in dealing with government officials and agencies. Still, 15 percent of the people—as against 20 percent hitherto—will continue to be denied this right. This provision should be dropped and one substituted modeled after the Swiss code.

Another section of the statute regulates the share of the various nationalities in the government administration. In the past, the Sudeten Germans were really given a poor deal. There are about forty thousand fewer German officials and government employees than the German population is entitled to have in proportion to the total population. The statute will adequately remedy this disproportion. The government budget for culture, education, relief, etc., will provide that every nationality gets a share in direct proportion to its numbers. Supervision of the distribution and use of such funds will come under the local parliaments, each of which is to have a nationality commission. These elective local parliaments are to issue regulations for enforcement of most of the enactments passed by the federal parliament. Supervision of the execution of the nationalities laws and the intended use of government funds for culture, education, and the like shall rest with the nationalities commissions consisting of parliamentary members of the respective nationalities. Provision is also made for the creation of their own inspectorates by territories affected by the nationalities laws.

If democratically applied, the statute can well become an effective instrument of national unification. But the crucial thing is how it will be carried out and whether the new political rights will be accompanied by economic measures in behalf of the people of the Sudeten region, which has been especially hard hit by the depression—the very thing against which the "rightist" groups in the Czech government parties have been fighting.

The return-trip ticket of Captain Wiedemann must have been used by that trusty agent of Chamberlain, Lord Runciman. He came to Prague in response to an invitation by the Czechoslovak government, explained the British Prime Minister with a sudden loquacious frankness. But a story is circulating in Prague diplomatic circles about a letter which the Czech government is reported to have sent to Chamberlain, expressing astonishment over its alleged invitation and stating in no uncertain terms that Lord Runciman as observer, adviser, arbiter, or what you will, would not be welcome at all.

Even if Henlein's party had not been in a hurry to express approval of Runciman, nor even if the Berlin press had not been similarly disposed, Czechoslovakian democracy and friends of peace throughout the world could have no reason to be cordial to Chamberlain's missionary. After accepting his commission, Lord Runciman is reported to have said to Lord Halifax, "I feel as if I were at sea in a rowboat." Popular wit in Prague, the wit of a brave, liberty-loving, lovable, and joyous people, at once replied to these words with the statement, "But this British boat will not be treated to the Junker bombing which is the fate of others in Spanish waters."

Vestigia terrent—their traces frighten—is an old piece of wisdom which has lost its meaning for the realistic politicians of the Chamberlain type who, after the experiences of Spain and Austria, still advise Czechoslovakia to surrender its true defenses for the fond illusion of a Pax Germania. Fortunately, the majority in Czechoslovakia is on the side of democracy and has no desire to commit harakiri despite the comforting assurances of his Lordship that "it won't hurt a bit." Instead, it is prepared to defend itself against the direct attacks which Berlin is planning to launch should Runciman's original plans fail or undergo a change. The democracies of Western Europe must know, however, that an operation which would make the "heart of Europe" into a mere adjunct to Germany's kidney must spell death for them as well.

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MURPHY OF MICHIGAN

A People's Candidate for Reelection

STEPHEN PEABODY

THE two things about Gov. Frank Murphy most often commented on in the press are his shaggy red eyebrows and his handling of the 1937 auto strikes. Both have endeared him to cartoonists. The eyebrows frequently appear alongside John L.'s champion pair and countless changes are rung on the theme of a bearded, top-hatted Murphy, captioned, "Abraham Murphy—He Saved the Union."

But it's not easy to turn a laugh on Michigan's popular governor, and the political battle around his reelection is uniquely serious. The Republican campaign began eleven months earlier than any gubernatorial campaign in Michigan's history. By the time that political aspirants usually think of taking to the road, both opposition candidates had already covered the entire state.

The man who is being fought with every available reactionary fiber and dollar gives a deceptive impression of gentleness. His manner is that of the skillful psychoanalyst inducing a patient to talk about himself. His ordinary speaking voice is just audible, his vocabulary balanced and Biblical, his clear blue eyes can veil themselves abstractedly.

But the fighting tradition of County Mayo and County Kilkenny lies just below the surface. His great-grandfather had the honor of being strung up by the British. His father was jailed at sixteen for his part in Ireland's struggles. Fenian and Bryan Democrat, the country lawyer fired his children with his own deep burning indignation at oppression, Irish or American.

In son Frank, political militancy combined with a crusading idealism which stems directly from his mother, now dead, who still is the strongest personal influence in his life. To her may be attributed his devout Catholicism (for thirty-three years he has read a chapter a day from his mother's Bible, which goes everywhere with him, wrapped in a bath towel) and his almost masochistic asceticism. He prides himself on his ability to eat little, sleep little, exercise to the point of exhaustion, do without tea, coffee, alcohol, or tobacco (his chief debauchery is chocolate ice cream) and he remains, at forty-five, Michigan's most eligible bachelor.

But the governor of Michigan is no sissy, nor does he take himself too seriously. The story is told that he called a magazine editor long-distance to object to the published charge that he was conceited. Suddenly he interrupted his own tirade. "You know," he said thoughtfully, "it just struck me that if I'm making this much fuss about what you've said about me, I must be conceited." And he hung up. A more important evidence of not being afraid to admit he's wrong occurred when he discovered that his labor-relations bill threatened the Wagner act. Whereupon he vetoed his own bill.

Snow

He was schooled in his native Harbor Beach, where he distinguished himself as a baseball player, and at the University of Michigan, where he distinguished himself as a football player—a scrub who regularly played till he was carried out, though he never made a team.

A graduate of Ann Arbor law school, he netted $5 a week as a law clerk. But nights he came into contact with the masses of whom his father had talked so much, teaching school in Detroit's Hungarian district. Enemies accuse him of having instinctively cultivated a political asset. Murphy says he learned volumes from his experiences in the Delray district, and the Hungarians have apparently never forgotten the man who taught them English.

In 1917, Murphy, an ardent Wilsonian, was in the first detachment shipped to France. His buddies more than once availed themselves of his legal talents to save them from the military consequences of boys-will-be-boys.

He remained abroad with the army of occupation, went to England and Ireland on an AEF officers scholarship, kissed the Blarney Stone twice (a fact not yet made use of by his political opponents), and struck up a warm friendship with the martyred leaders, Micky Collins and Harry Boland. For his obviously Sinn Fein sympathies, he was trailed through Ireland by the Black-and-Tans.

Returning to the United States as a special assistant in the district attorney's office, he sent to Leavenworth two wealthy patriots, charged with a conspiracy to seize $30,000,000 worth of surplus war supplies—the only conviction obtained in a major war-graft case.

His first elective job was as judge in the Recorder's Court. His unorthodox behavior scandalized the minority judges, whose man he was expected to be. He called in a psychiatrist and sociologist to act with him as a sentencing board, he openly plumped for Tom Mooney and Sacco and Vanzetti, and he handed down a decision in favor of Dr. Sweet. The Sweet case involved a Negro who had the temerity to move into a white residential district. When his neighbors formed a posse to oust him forceably, Dr. Sweet had the further temerity to attempt to defend himself and his property. For that he was charged with murder. Clarence Darrow defended him. The issue was hot. Murphy's decision brought him a host of new friends and some new enemies. He had begun his career of "imperiling American institutions."

The troubled year of 1930 saw him mayor of Detroit, a job he probably honestly did not want. But labor, liberal, and American Legion petitions appealed, as well as the crusade aspect of a city administration which had cracked up in a scandal, involving a Ku Klux mayor and a politico-gang murder. Almost at once the depression crisis was on the new mayor with both feet. The auto industry was the first mass-production industry to be hit, and Detroit, its focus, was filled with the insistent demonstrations of some 100,000 unemployed. Murphy had been reading Stefan Zweig's *Marie Antoinette*. He looked into the determined faces of the workers and he saw a connection. Something had to be done at once and not an offer of cake, either.

He poured the city's resources into organizing relief to the tune of some $20,000,000 the first two years, but it was throwing water into a sieve. Neither the Hoover solution of private charity nor the city could go it alone. Further, Murphy began to see that the bulk of the unemployed were auto workers, whose bosses threw them on to the streets of Detroit at will, but were themselves located in plants situated comfortably outside Detroit's taxable limits. On this issue he engaged in a bitter polemic with Ford.

So he logically turned to the federal government, reenforcing his plea with a conference of mayors from other industrial centers.

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His assumption of responsibility for the unemployed has earned him the title of "the New Dealer before there was a New Deal."

In 1933, Roosevelt sent him as governor general to the Philippines, where he demonstrated his adeptness as a mediator in the ticklish years of the islands' transition to commonwealth status. He remained on as the first high commissioner, until recalled by Roosevelt in 1936, to help him carry Michigan for the New Deal in the face of the threatening Coughlin-Lemke split. Governorship was again a job that he probably didn't want. Life in the Philippines had been exceedingly congenial and the salary more than triple that of Michigan's governor. But here, again, was the crusade appeal, and he is an ardent New Dealer, personally and politically devoted to "the Chief."

The General Motors strike was two days old, when he took office. His handling of that and of the subsequent Chrysler, Hudson, and Reo strikes is well known. In fact, it is one of the major issues in the present campaign. He has pledged himself in word and in deed that "the state police, as long as I am governor, will not be a strikebreaking agency," and all the big guns in Michigan cannot shake his conviction that the state should be mediator instead of company thug.

The features of Governor Murphy's administration which have been outstanding, even unique, are the very things under heaviest fire from the reactionaries. He has responded sensitively to the needs of the people and this is not pleasing to the auto aristocrats, the rich upstate farmers, and the old-time political gravy-seekers.

He has faced the staggering unemployment situation by pouring all the state's available funds into providing relief. Murphy believes that "democracy can better afford a deficit in the public finances than a deficit in the morale of its people." According to his estimate 1,100,000 residents of Michigan, or roughly one out of five, were receiving relief of some kind by April of this year. The $8,000,000 relief appropriation had been spent by the first half of the fiscal year. By May 16, $4,000,000 had been advanced from next year's appropriation, $1,000,000 from an emergency fund had been poured in, and still the governor had to cast around for more funds to feed the ever swelling ranks of needy people.

He camped on the doorsteps of Hopkins and Roosevelt to see that Michigan got an $18,000,000 slice of WPA money, and got it promptly. He cut yards and yards of federal, state, and local red tape in a tireless effort to see that human needs were met before all other needs.

Defeated by the legislature in his sweeping rural-electrification project, he has a public-utilities commission aiming toward the same thing. He told the commission: "I want to get action and results for the people. The commission ought not to be afraid, even at the risk of error on the people's side, to guarantee that rates are in the public interest." The results are beginning to come in. Michigan Bell Telephone (American Telephone and Telegraph) has been ordered to reduce its intra-state long distance rates. Detroit City Gas and the powerful Consumers Power Co. (Commonwealth and Southern) are under the ax now, with a good possibility that the people will pay less for their light and gas.

He has a commission drafting a plan for the stabilization of milk prices, a long neglected need of city consumers and farm producers. A committee of physicians are at work drawing up a public-health program, a pet project of the governor's for many years.

Past governors, including opposition candidate Fitzgerald, have talked civil-service reform, but Murphy got it passed. He has proceeded to administer it with an impartiality that has raised an angry wail from politicians who prospered under the theory that to the victor belongs the spoils.

He dogged racketeers till slot machines were cleaned out of the state.

Each of the Murphy progressive measures has raised its pack of misery-howlers. But the larger issue in Michigan, as elsewhere in the nation, is New Dealism versus Fordism. The Republican Fitzgerald, admitting industry's game with engaging frankness, states authoritatively that the "wheels of industry will begin to turn the moment Michigan's 'little New Deal' is voted out of office."

The Republicans have a double-headed strategy in their two primary candidates. Bald-headed, taciturn Harry S. Toy is openly Ford's man. It is common political gossip that Ford financed his 1930 campaign for prosecuting attorney to the tune of some $100,000. He is one of Ford's attorneys, and appeared as defense lawyer for the Ford service men who attacked Reuther and Frankensteen on May 26, 1937. Appointed by Governor Fitzgerald to fill a Supreme Court vacancy, he was defeated for that office in 1936 when he ran on a platform of opposition to the social-security bill. To this wholesome candidate, the Republicans have assigned the task of the rawest Red-baiting and hate-raising. Openly he calls for violence. ("High courage does not flinch even when bloodshed is the price of defending sacred American principles.")

Just in case Michigan voters don't fall for anything so crude, they are offered, as an alternative, ex-Gov. Frank D. Fitzgerald. Of his past, the most that can be said is that he was a Republican governor in a Republican state. He is running his campaign chiefly on the balanced-budget issue and on a measured criticism of Murphy's shortcomings. (Murphy has correctly characterized the aim of the budget balancers as an attempt "to reduce the people's standard of living and starve them into submission.") But as the campaign progresses, the two Republicans sound more and more alike, particularly as they are encouraged by Homer Martin's Red-baiting. In Fitzgerald's headquarters, as in Toy's, they will tell you "confidentially" that Murphy is a Communist, taking orders from Washington.

Murphy is running unopposed on the Democratic ticket. There is, however, a Democratic splinter group of disgruntled graft-grabbers, anti-New Dealers, and pro-Republican borers-from-within who call themselves Constitutional Democrats. Whether they will run their own man (gossip points to ex-Governor Comstock) or swing to the Republicans in the middle of the campaign is not yet known.

Solidly behind Murphy is the organized labor movement—both CIO and AF of L. Labor understands, in the words of CIO regional director Germer, that "the manufacturers and the boards of commerce want to return Michigan to the despotic open-shop conditions that existed a few years ago, before the CIO. They will carry the fight into the political field, and the first step is to defeat Governor Murphy." While the AF of L and the CIO are not now technically working together on the campaign, there are plans on foot for a gigantic, pro-Murphy Labor Day demonstration, which has the enthusiastic support of Michigan AF of L leader Frank X. Martel.

In the face of this strong labor support, the Trotskyites and Lovestoneites in the trade unions have thought better of their earlier attacks on Murphy, for fear that they would lose whatever labor following they might hope for. They therefore confine themselves to sabotage through inactivity and sneering remarks on the side. But perhaps the greatest threat to the Murphy campaign is the Lovestoneite-inspired split in the UAW. As the Detroit *News* gleefully points out: "Politicians are worrying or chortling over the possibility that the United Automobile Workers officials in Michigan will be so busy fighting amongst themselves that they will have little time for electioneering in the state campaign this fall."

Also with Murphy are the farmers organized into the Farmers Union; a large percentage of the Catholic vote; the Poles and Hungarians, progressive in Michigan by tradition; the unemployed, who, appreciate from their own experience the difference between Murphy and former governors; the Negroes, who know of his active participation in the NAACP; the Communist Party of Michigan; and large sections of the middle class. Still, there is plenty of money and determination behind the Republicans. Some 428 Michigan newspapers attack Murphy. And no one goes around saying that his election is in the bag.

It is not only vitally important for Michigan that Murphy be reelected, it is also important for Murphy. He has grown enormously under the stimulus of his intimate contact with the problems of the masses. The generalized humanitarianism of his youth is channelized and specific, his good-humored liberalism tends to become stiffened and fighting. Never a machine candidate, he is now a people's candidate. He sees himself as a fighter for progress and the best American traditions.

Simply, he sums up his approach to labor problems; it is also his approach to all problems. "They had to be handled either by the fascist idea or by the principles of democracy, which means the use of reasonableness and temperance. I believe in democracy."

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ARTISTS: UNITE!

An Appeal from the President of the United American Artists

ROCKWELL KENT

Two years ago the president of the National Grange (of which, as a farmer, I am a member) broadcast to the nation what the farmers of America wanted: "We want," he said in effect, "a fair living wage." "Good God!" I exploded to a group of my Adirondack farmer neighbors, "don't you want more than that? A living wage! Is that the sum total of all you want out of life? Is that the measure of your pride?" So much for farmers.

Now let an artist—speaking for himself and for his kind everywhere in the world—state unequivocally just what artists proudly hold themselves to be, and what, with all the arrogance of pride, they want: We are *people,* so richly endowed with human commonplaceness, frailty, and strength, so eager for happiness, so sensitive to pain, so finely equipped for perceiving sensory values and for participating in that sum of all of them called Life, that by our understanding of life and the overflowing of our hearts and minds into utterance we constitute ourselves the spokesmen for our human kind. Our fellow beings' recognition of themselves in us makes our self-constitution valid.

By the very definition of the artist as one who, responsive to the pulse of all humanity, makes mankind's joys and sorrows, aspirations, wants articulate, his own personal program of demands from life may be taken as not only accurately expressive of what artists want for themselves but will include such satisfaction of the wants of others as may make this world in *fact* as fair as artists fancy it. The artist's altruism: robust and virile in that it springs from his own soul's most selfish need.

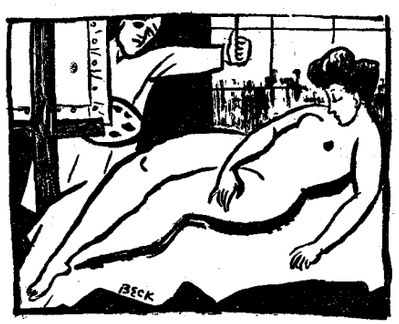
We want—and if this catalogue of wants will seem a mere rehash of mankind's time-worn prayers to gods, demands from governments and men, of poets' dreams and statesmen's promises, it is not less but more to be respected—we artists want: On earth peace, good will toward men. We want life—abundant life for us and all who by their work or will to work deserve it; we want such liberty as shall be consistent with equal liberty for everyone; we want, for all, the security and the equality before man that—we are told—we are accorded in the eyes of God: these are the premises to pursuing happiness. On this rich earth we want an end to poverty; in this enlightened day we want enlightenment for all; with mankind loving life, we want no wars. We have the vision of the world as paradise; we know it can be; and we want it so.

We want these things, this paradise. And with what brains and eloquence and strength we have, we'll fight for them. For although the gentle gifts of understanding make us artists, the sinews of our art stem from that manhood and womanhood of us whose outward sign is action. No use lamenting in this day that "progress," punctuated by wars and depressions and proclaimed to tens of millions ears and eyes by radio and movie, has left the picture painters and their dreams as stripped of potency as voices in the wilderness. Against our time-honored and once sacred individualism, our right—and pride in it—to live, think, work, proclaim ourselves *alone,* that ivory-towered purity of art, are social forces active to deny our dream of peace on earth and happiness; active and organized to win. No use lamenting, artists: Learn and act. Of what use is individualism that has been rendered impotent? Of what worth is individualism that for the greatest good won't set its shoulder to the common wheel to make the grade? And of what tender, fragile, delicate, and spineless substance is that individualism which can't survive obedience to a cause? Carl Sandburg, speak for us:

Lay me on an anvil, O God!
Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.
Let me pry loose old walls;
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God!
Beat me and hammer me into a steel spike.
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.
Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.
Let me be the great nail holding the skyscraper through blue nights into white stars.

Artists: let's build, not dream of, paradise. Let's learn—and act. Learn from the life-denying forces that are arrayed against us; they're organized; it is their strength. Learn from our fellow workers, from those who like ourselves—whether in field or factory, in mine, mill, studio—*create:* they're organized. What shall become of us proud pulse-feelers of mankind, banner-painters of progress, tune-writers to the masses' tread, when the pulse has eluded us, when banners wave to marching backs and bands blare on to ranks long out of earshot? What shall become of us?



Beck

All discussion of "individualism" is purely academic in this critical era of covert or open warfare between the organized forces of democracy and democracy's opponents. Like it or not, the fight—our fight—is on. And however blind to the prophetic ideology of artists may be the forces of democracy, theirs is the road, the only road—we know it well!—that leads our way. All that we want, democracy alone at last can bring to us. Workers—that's we and all of us—unite!

The labor movement with which artists must now identify themselves is trade unionism. Originating a century ago as an expedient for the protection of the workers against the growing oppression of the capitalist system, it has come to be the custodian and defender of the people's rights under democracy and an incubator of progressive social and political thought. It has roused the workers to a realization of their inherent social dignity, trained them in the responsibilities of citizenship, and brought them proudly to know that in their hands lies the power which shall determine the trend and destiny of civilization. It is at last due that we artists, each safely armed with his "unconquerable soul," make common cause with our own kind: enlist in their ranks, claim a voice in their councils, and with every faculty we have assist to make more real than artists' dreams that common hope of all of us: a decent world.

The United American Artists as now constituted—being a merger of the Artists Union, the Commercial Artists and Designers Union, and the Cartoonists Guild, a branch of the United Office and Professional Workers of America, and an affiliate of the CIO, must with its substantial present membership of 1,600 be considered the established nucleus of that great union-to-be which shall eventually be the body corporate and mouthpiece of the democracy of American artists. It was founded and made a part of the American labor movement in recognition of the general common interests of artists and all workers, for the purpose of safeguarding democracy and furthering its growth, for securing to artists in this era of economic uncertainty and social change those rights which are their due, and in order that we artists through united action should become a power in the peace councils of the world. What the union will accomplish will depend upon the eventual size of its membership and upon the nature and the fervor of its members' convictions. It is our union, subject to become in policy and deed what we will make it. The union asks—and it deserves—the wholehearted support of all the artists of America; not for what it will with any certainty achieve for *us,* but for the much that we believers in what's good and just and beautiful can through our union give our country and the world.

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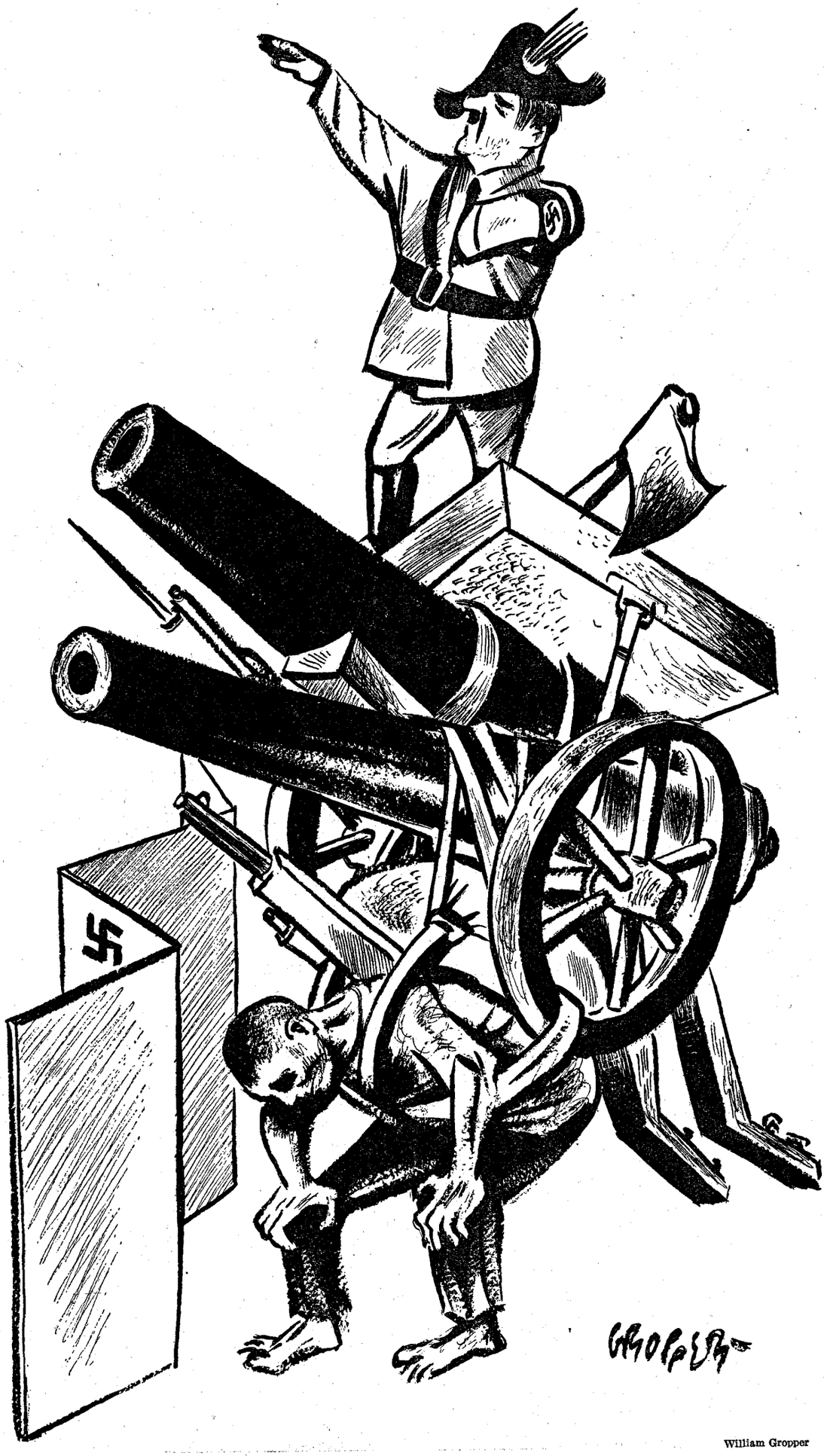

William Gropper

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The Danger Continues

IF THE failure of August 15 to produce a general war in Europe makes us any less vigilant to the war danger, Hitler's purposes will have been well served. Weeks in advance, the foreign offices of France and Britain divulged startling information about the thoroughness of Germany's coming "test mobilization." Though the facts were ominous, it seemed strange that Hitler should prefer to telegraph his punches so far in advance. Public attention was, however, focused on the war maneuvers, and that was all to the good. The danger is not over.

For the test mobilization does not reach its peak until the middle of next month when reservists will operate jointly with regular units. By that time, the ring of forts around Germany's Western frontier will be very far advanced. The Runciman mission in Czechoslovakia will either have succeeded or shot its bolt in the effort to undermine Czech resistance from within.

In other words, Germany's military maneuvers have placed Europe in immediate jeopardy of general war for a period of something like six weeks. More than a million men will be under arms; it may not be easy to control the forces which would send them against a weaker neighbor. Hitler has always timed his aggressions to catch the democratic powers unprepared. The best guarantee of peace in the next few weeks is the state of psychological emergency evoked by the war threat of August 15.

Far East Lessons

THE truce signed by the Soviet and Japanese forces on the Changkufeng border contains lessons which will doubtless be remembered for a long time to come.

Lesson One: Fascist-imperialist aggressions can be stopped by determined resistance.

Lesson Two: Japan is not the invincible military power that it was cracked up to be. If its advances in China have been catastrophically slow, its adventure on the Manchukuoan border turned out a complete fiasco, resulting in an irreparable loss of military and diplomatic prestige. The mere fact that it was forced to agree to a joint commission comprising one Japanese, one Manchukuoan, and two Soviet representatives to settle the boundary dispute is a major victory for the USSR. This is precisely the type of commission the Soviets proposed for many years and Japan consistently rejected, always insisting on a tripartite commission in which Japan, Manchukuo, and the USSR would be equally represented. This was a crucial point in Japanese diplomacy, involving the recognition of Manchukuo as an independent power. On this crucial point Japan had to retreat.

Lesson Three: Whereas the Red Army does not rattle the sword, it is ready and able to take care of those who indulge in this unwholesome and perilous sport. Now that the official Nipponese smokescreen of boastful, hysterical, wishful, and lying dispatches has been dissipated, the true picture of what took place at Changkufeng begins to emerge. We now learn from the New York *Herald Tribune* that the Changkufeng clashes are "Proof of Russian Army's Merit and Warning to Japan to Avoid Strife." We also learn that the Soviet losses in killed and wounded were less than those of Japan, and that the morale of the Soviet fighters was of such quality that in all the weeks of fighting the Japanese succeeded in taking only two Soviet prisoners, and those had been wounded in battle.

These lessons are important, and worth pondering. Their effect will be felt not only in the Far East but throughout the world. They are bound to influence policy in both the democratic and fascist countries.

Proof of the Pudding

SOVIET firmness in matters of diplomacy and defense are based, as the speeches and debates at the recent sessions of the Supreme Soviet amply demonstrate, on the solidity of the economic and political structure of the USSR.

Take the Soviet budget for the current year: receipts approximating 126,800,000,000 rubles, expenditures 124,000,000,000 rubles. At a time when all capitalist countries are unable to balance their budgets, the country of Socialism actually plans for a surplus!

Or take industrial production: While the production curves in the capitalist countries present a mad zigzag, with the general trend downward, the Soviet production curve is climbing steadily and smoothly upward. For the first six months of 1938, Soviet industries produced 13 percent more than in the corresponding period in 1937, that is, pretty close to the plan's figures. Industrial production is now eight times the pre-war total and forty times that of 1921. In volume of industrial production the Soviet Union advanced from fifth place among the nations of the world in 1928, to third place in 1932, to second place in 1937.

Or take savings: In the first half of this year, savings-bank deposits increased by 1,200,000,000 rubles and were 40 percent greater than for the corresponding period last year.

Or take education: While the fascist countries are shutting down higher institutions of learning, as well as theaters and museums, the Soviet Union increases its educational budget by 23.3 percent in one year. While President Conant of Harvard calls for the reduction of the number of students in our universities, M. I. Kaftanov, chairman of the committee on higher education, boasts of 550,000 students in the Soviet universities—a figure, according to him, "exceeding the number of students of all universities in all countries of Europe taken together." This in a country which was for centuries known as "dark" Russia. Incidentally, 40 percent of the enrollment at Soviet universities and other higher institutions of learning comprise women—a remarkable testimony to the sweep of the social and cultural revolution in the USSR. The educational budget for this year is 31,400,000,000 rubles. Compare this with pre-war days. In 1914, for instance, the czarist government spent about sixty kopeks per inhabitant on education in White Russia. The educational expenditures per inhabitant today exceed one hundred rubles! In Buriat Mongolia, the corresponding figures are seventy kopeks in the old days and seventy-four rubles now! And so it is in all the other republics and regions.

Industries are growing, education is spreading, social benefits are increasing, wages are rising, life is improving.

As to those in this country who are dubious about the nature of Soviet democracy, let them read the reports of the discussions and debates, the sharp and searching self-criticism during the recent sessions of the Soviet parliament. To the enemies of the Soviet Union the democratic self-criticism is an opportunity for attack—just as the absence of self-criticism would be an opportunity. But it is through such self-criticism that the Soviet peoples advance in their march of progress.

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Youth and Peace

THE World Youth Congress has opened under very favorable circumstances. Its first public reception in New York City was a genuine triumph. Mayor LaGuardia for the city and Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Berle, Jr., testified in their speeches to the Congress's recognized importance. The quality and breadth of representation of the delegates has gained the respect and admiration of all.

The chief problem before the Congress is the preservation of world peace. The delegates speak not only for themselves but for their generation, not only in defense of their ideas but of their lives. The maintenance of peace is the most collective enterprise in the world; only those who profit but do not fight are on the other side. Nevertheless, this Congress meets with war raging in two great lands and a general conflagration threatened from week to week. It has the great opportunity of drawing the lessons of these wars and threats of war for all. Before it lies the challenge of uniting the citizens of tomorrow on a program for peace—magnificently broad in its support and effectively fundamental in its solution.

Dropping the Disguise

THE Dies committee investigating un-American activities has apparently decided to discard the false whiskers. After devoting one day to testimony on Nazi machinations in this country, it converted its hearings into a forum for attacking the CIO, Labor's Non-Partisan League, the New Deal, the American Labor Party, the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee, the Communist Party, and all progressive movements. Chief sniper thus far has been John P. Frey, head of the AF of L metal-trades department, whose wisdom apparently flows from those same anti-labor espionage agencies that have been put on the griddle by the La Follette committee. Like certain labor leaders in Italy when Mussolini came to power, Frey has eagerly donned the political livery of the Girdlers and the Fords.

Frey supplied the Dies committee with a list of names of alleged Communists active in the CIO. Some of these are Communists; most of them are not; but Frey is not too fastidious about facts. On a second appearance Monday he palmed off on the committee what was alleged to be a secret Communist document in which plans "to push President Roosevelt and his administration to the left" and other dire matters were plotted. The Communist position on the New Deal is hardly a secret. It has been made public in the Communist press and in pamphlets which sell for no more than a dime.

The character of the Dies inquiry was made unequivocally clear by the testimony of another witness, its own investigator, Edward F. Sullivan. Sullivan made reckless charges against an unnamed "outstanding official" of the Department of Labor, abused the CIO, denied the existence of Nazi activities on the West Coast, and threatened to smear leading Hollywood figures for the heinous crime of assisting the cause of democracy in Spain.

The Dies committee is operating with public funds. An investigation of the un-American activities of this committee is very much in order.

War on the CIO

DURING recent weeks it has become evident that concerted efforts are under way to break the backbone of the progressive movement in this country, the CIO. The frontal attacks made last year by Tom Girdler, Henry Ford, General Motors, and other anti-union employers having failed to achieve their objective, big business is now turning to the time-tried technique of divide and conquer. For this purpose the industrialists are using not only the diehard chieftains of the AF of L, but Trotskyites and Lovestoneites within the ranks of the CIO, who are being aided and abetted by certain right-wing Socialist leaders and such papers as the pseudo-liberal New York *Post* and the Scripps-Howard chain led by the *World-Telegram*.

The most obvious example of this attempt to disrupt the CIO unions from within is, of course, the United Automobile Workers. Over the past weekend, the presidents of UAW locals representing about 225,000 of the union's 325,000 members met in Toledo to lay plans for a national conference which will prepare the ground for a special convention to save this great labor organization from the hands of the anti-CIO Lovestoneites and their man Friday, Homer Martin. The role of Lovestoneism as an accomplice of reaction and fascism also came to the surface during the weekend, when it became known that Martin has been holding conferences with Father Coughlin, who has repeatedly praised him in his weekly, *Social Justice*. Richard Frankensteen, one of the "suspended" vice-presidents of the UAW, also publicly charged that Martin has been dickering with John P. Frey, head of the AF of L metal-trades department and its leading Red-baiter and opponent of the CIO.

In the maritime industry the Trotskyites have openly entered into a partnership with the reactionary AF of L officialdom for the purpose of organizing a dual union in opposition to the CIO National Maritime Union. Harry Lundeberg, who is as much the tool of the Trotskyites as Martin is of the Lovestoneites, has announced the affiliation of the organization he heads, the Sailors Union of the Pacific, with the AF of L. At the same time the New York *Post* and the Trotskyites, working closely with the goon squads of Joseph P. Ryan, president of the defunct AF of L International Seamen's Union, attempted to utilize the recent elections in the National Maritime Union to create dissension in the organization.

On the West Coast a handful of officials of four CIO unions, who announced their withdrawal from the forthcoming California CIO convention and issued a Red-baiting attack on Harry Bridges, seem to have reckoned without their host. The international presidents of two of the unions, the United Rubber Workers and the United Shoe Workers, have already repudiated the action of their Los Angeles representatives. This anti-CIO move has also drawn the ire of John Brophy, CIO director, who will address the convention. The much publicized "revolt" against "Communist dictatorship" seems to have dwindled into a still-born putsch against the CIO.

These developments indicate a trend that is fraught with danger not only for the members of the CIO but for all Americans who seek progressive objectives. For the attack on the CIO is closely interwoven with the campaign against the New Deal. More and more it becomes clear that the struggle against Trotskyism-Lovestoneism is an integral part of the fight for democracy in the United States and throughout the world.

Roosevelt and George

WE DO not know whether Senator George of Georgia is a reader of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Republican mouthpiece. On Saturday the *Herald Tribune* stated editorially that the issue raised by President Roosevelt's Barnesville address "is nothing less than a threat of one-man rule of the Democratic Party and through it of the nation." On Monday Senator George, answering the President, called for a "last-ditch" fight against "one-man control of the Democratic Party." Senator George's speech at Waycross, Ga., is, in fact, a complete confirmation of Roosevelt's statement that "on most public questions he and I do not speak the same language." In that speech George echoed Republican canards about Washington "dictatorship," he Red-baited against the CIO, he appealed to anti-Negro prejudice, he declared his determination to follow the course which led him to

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fight the Court-reform plan, the Wages and Hours Bill, and the Reorganization Bill. Clearly, the language which Senator George speaks is the language of the *Herald Tribune,* of the Liberty League, of the reactionary big-business interests who are today spending thousands of dollars to keep this "independent" senator in office.

President Roosevelt's address at Barnesville was a forthright and courageous act that has served to clarify the issues in the election campaign. He chose to make his boldest fight against the Copperhead Democrats, not in a state where the going was easy but in one where the New Deal faces tremendous odds. Senator George not only has the prestige of sixteen years of continuous service in the Senate behind him, but—what is more important—the backing of the dominant corporate interests of the state. Moreover, the Georgia election law is weighted heavily in his favor.

But the stake the President is fighting for is much greater than victory or defeat in the Georgia primary. That stake is indicated in the report on the South made public by the National Emergency Council. The issue is one of lifting the South from the bottom of the economic pit, freeing it from the grip of political reaction, winning it and winning the whole country for the cause of democracy and progress. In that fight President Roosevelt, whatever the outcome of the Georgia primary, has the majority of the people of the South—and of the nation—behind him.

The Primary Balance Sheet

THE President was undoubtedly encouraged to hit hard at Senator George by the results of the primaries during the past week. On the heels of Senator Barkley's significant victory in Kentucky, came sweeping New Deal triumphs in Ohio and Arkansas. Both Sen. Robert Bulkley of Ohio and Sen. Hattie Caraway of Arkansas won handily, the former piling up a more than two-to-one majority over his opponent, former Gov. George White. The two New Deal Senators ran with the endorsement of Labor's Non-Partisan League. Best news of all was the defeat of Gov. Martin L. Davey for the Ohio gubernatorial nomination by Charles Sawyer, who was actively supported by Labor's Non-Partisan League. Davey, who called out the National Guard against the Little Steel strike last year, campaigned on an anti-CIO platform. He was backed by the reactionary big-business interests, by the fascist demagogue, Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, and by—William Green, president of the AF of L. To the honor of the AF of L unions in Ohio be it said, however, that they repudiated the endorsement given by President Green.

Other progressive candidates in Ohio and Arkansas also came through the primaries successfully. The only important setback for the New Deal during the past week was in Idaho, where Sen. James P. Pope lost by a few thousand votes to his conservative opponent, Rep. D. Worth Clark. It is generally conceded that many Republicans took advantage of the Idaho primary law to vote for Clark.

The primary results thus far, beginning with the victory of Lister Hill in Alabama, in May, indicate: (1) the strength of popular support for the New Deal program despite the continued economic crisis and the mendacious propaganda of the press and other big business agencies; (2) the growing unity of the progressive forces around the New Deal; (3) the increasing importance of the role of Labor's Non-Partisan League as the keystone in the developing democratic front. This was particularly apparent in Ohio, where the effective campaign of LNPL succeeded in counteracting to a large extent the efforts of the Davey forces to inflame the farmers and middle classes against Sawyer and the CIO.

But the battle for a progressive Congress is still far from having been won. A number of important primaries are still to be contested, and the final elections in November will undoubtedly see the Republicans and Copperhead Democrats turning their heaviest artillery on the candidates of progress and democracy.

A coalition of progressives, such as is now being formed in New York City to defeat Rep. John J. O'Connor, is needed in every congressional district.

Writers Plot a Union

THE startling discovery by Representative Dies' congressional Red-baiting committee of a Bolshevik plot in the movie studios came only a few days after an NLRB poll among the screen writers. The writers in thirteen companies selected the Screen Writers Guild as their bargaining agent by a vote of 310 to 53. Thirty-three of the contrary votes which went to the Screen Playwrights, or white-mouse faction, were cast in Loew's, Inc., the parent organization of the most consistently reactionary studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Nevertheless, the remaining sixty-three votes at Loew's were marked for progressive unionism. There was one pathetic note in the poll. The lone writer in the progressive Walter Wanger unit, who made his big X for the guild, finds himself without a bargaining agent because, as the Labor Board explained, it is impossible to certify a union for one employee.

Myths About Mexico

THE answer to Frank L. Kluckhohn's outrageous dispatch on fascist influence in Mexico to the New York *Times* of August 15 is contained in Marc Frank's article in this issue. It is a national misfortune that Mr. Kluckhohn, one of the few American correspondents on the spot and the most influential because of his paper's importance, prefers to devote his talents to vicious myth-making about the Cárdenas government. Kluckhohn never misses a shabby trick against this friendly regime. To readers of reactionary views, he portrays Cárdenas as virtually a Communist; to the democratic left, he pictures Cárdenas as a tool or prisoner of fascism. The latter used to be the main emphasis but now he has switched over to the former. In the dispatch of August 15, after writing at great length about Cárdenas' alleged fascist inclinations, he concludes that "there are, of course, contrary tendencies, many of them approaching Communism."

The main evidence that Mexico has aligned itself with the fascist axis revolves about the oil controversy. Mexico no longer sells oil to Britain and the United States but is forced to dispose of it wherever it is able. In a remarkable example of deliberate deceit, Mr. Kluckhohn recalls that President Cárdenas himself declared that Mexico preferred to deal with the democratic countries and adds that "he must have been aware that this was impossible." Why was it impossible? Because the British and American oil imperialists decided to boycott Mexican oil in order to force the government to its knees. Mexico, despite its democratic sympathies, could not refuse to sell elsewhere, at least temporarily, while it gained a breathing space in order to stabilize the industry. The fault is not Mexico's.

But crushing proof that the Kluckhohn propaganda is pure myth is supplied by Mr. Frank from documents which the *Times'* correspondent could also have obtained if he had been seriously interested in the truth. These documents prove that the Cedillo revolt was subsidized and encouraged by German and Japanese agents. Every other important anti-Cárdenas plot takes its inspiration from the same sources. It is in the interest of neither the United States nor Britain to weaken the Cárdenas government. The successor of Cárdenas would be a Franco-like puppet of the fascist axis. Mr. Kluckhohn and his employers think that they are helping American interests by this slander campaign against President Cárdenas. They are wrong and the masters of Berlin and Tokyo must be chuckling.

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KEEPING THE BULLS BUSY

The Loyalist Infantry Outwits Franco's Bombers

JOSEPH NORTH

On the Ebro Front, August 15.

PERHAPS the Great War's greatest bequest to the military of today is aerial warfare. Millions throughout the world in democratic lands may well ask, "How bad is a bomb?" You may well answer, "Bad enough!" Anybody who has lain in a ditch and watched the little black thing detach itself from a plane and come plunging to earth, whistling and raising hell, forever seeming to head for your crown, will attest to that. Mussolini and Hitler, the sponsors of totalitarian warfare, feel that the bomb will win their wars.

Will it? Can it? It can shatter the homes of the folk, pulverize women and children in their kitchens. It is difficult to miss a city with a bomb. But leaving aside the question of bombing open cities, what about specific military actions? What effect has the bomber there?

My richest experience in this war has been the republican offensive at Ebro. I had the good fortune to witness a complete action at first hand. Infantry versus aviation proved one phase of that action. The republican doughboys crossed the river; the invaders, busy in the Levante, sped aircraft to hold up the drive. More than 550 airplanes shuttled across the skies on a hundred-mile front from Amposte to Mequinenza. They bombed bridges, they bombed crossroads, they bombed any spot where a republican transport concentration might exist. Not once or twice but dozens and scores of times.

What happened? There's no doubt that in days to come, military tacticians will study the Ebro action, outlining on some barracks blackboard how and where the loyalists crossed and what the enemy did about it. The answer will be "aircraft," at least for the first stage of the action. When I suggested to Modesto, commander of all the Ebro armies, that military tacticians the world over were studying this action, he laughed. "I don't give a damn what the military tacticians think."

That attitude is the key to the Ebro action; it was unorthodox, it was risky, and every wiseacre in uniform said it couldn't be done. And it was done. As Modesto pointed out, the infantry outwitted and outfought superior armaments and vastly superior aircraft. The republicans who crossed knew why they fought, what they fought for, and were ready to pay their way, whatever the cost. Modesto said that the effect of the publication of Negrín's Thirteen Points—the loyalists' fighting program—was "stupendous." I had observed that in previous dispatches and the famous commander underlined it. It was a political army that crossed the Ebro.

"And the enemy aircraft?" I asked Modesto. "What effect did it have on the offensive?"

"Its effect has been zero," he said.

Remember that, anti-fascists. For the propagandists paid by the Gestapo and Ovra play up the powers of aircraft, presenting it as an insuperable military factor, one that can level the resistance of peoples, smash it to powder.

The truth is otherwise. For example, Modesto told me that the Italians dropped 140 tons of explosives on July 28, the third day of the republican offensive. That means fifteen hundred bombs of one hundred kiloweight were dropped during the hours of daylight. Approximately a hundred per hour that day. But traffic went on, the offensive continued. Most of the bombs missed their objectives because anti-aircraft kept the planes high. Those that struck hit bridges built in sections. One section destroyed, the bridge-builders raced across and put a new one in its place. Traffic went on.

The bridge-builders merit special mention. These ordinary soldiers work under conditions unequaled in warfare. Almost every hour on the hour, planes appear. The sentry fires two shots and the men take to their ditch, wait for tons of explosives to drop somewhere near them, perhaps on their heads. When the planes do their job, after the roar and tumult of the explosives cease, while dust still darkens the sun, they are back at their posts, completing their assignment. I saw them work, stood with them for many hours, ducked bombs with them, cheered when the bombs missed. There's really nothing like it in the annals of war. They've done, and continue to do, their work. They see to it that traffic goes on uninterrupted, and traffic goes on—the caravans for liberty trundle on—the long files of trucks, men, ammunition, tanks pass to the front. By day the enemy hit the bridges, by night the bridges are repaired; and the line of transport continues unbroken. The enemy continues its aerial warfare; but in addition it has brought up all it can spare in infantry and artillery from Levante.

Yesterday I dived from an auto a dozen times while planes roared overhead; once, three light bombers came down and strafed us with bombs, four dropping all about our car, but by a miracle none of us were struck. All over the sky, dog fights went on. We counted at least one hundred enemy aircraft in the air; saw the Chatos zoom and twist, barrel-rolling around the enemy, spurting machine-gun fire at them. Time and again we saw the enemy break its formation, the Capronis and Savoies go zooming off in various directions as the deadly "flies" of the republicans spit lead at them.

With all their bombing and their strafing, the casualty figures for the first week of the offensive are amazingly small. Modesto called his orderly and they went over the totals. Considering the fact that at least fifty thousand men participated in the action, the casualty lists were far lower than for any major action in this war. Modesto read off the list, which he said should be made public to show the world how the republicans can work in a major operation. The enemy, he said, suffered losses of five thousand prisoners, six thousand wounded and killed. The republicans took enough material to outfit a complete division.

Modesto outlined the major result of the drive. They are, he said: first, the pressure upon Valencia has been lightened; second, the republican troops across the river are in good position for further offensives; third, the enemy had to rush all his reserves here, weakening his positions on all other fronts; fourth, two enemy divisions have been destroyed; fifth, more shells and cartridges were taken from the enemy the first two days of action than existed in the whole Catalan zone.

These are splendid achievements; but the war is not over. Modesto wouldn't venture to define the enemy's next action. They may or may not attack on a wide front along the Ebro. The Italians are bringing more troops and materials. But Modesto said, "We shall handle him like a bull in a bull-ring." He thrust one way with an imaginary sword in his right hand, another way with another imaginary sword in his left. "We shall keep the bull busy," he said. As I finish this, news comes that the republicans are holding the enemy at bay on all fronts. The bulls are being kept busy.

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FATHER MICHAEL O'FLANAGAN

"The Most Faithful Priest That Ever Lived in Ireland"

CORA MACALBERT

Bertrando Vallotton

WHEN you hear Father O'Flanagan speak you think of all the grand singing phrases you have ever known. His voice is the big, manly voice, the voice of the sea and of the mountains, the voice of him who crieth in the wilderness. For besides the deep sincerity shining in his words, besides the authentic conviction ringing in them of the long-time fighter for freedom who says, "I have been there, I have seen it myself," there is the beautiful poetry of his words and voice.

His poetry, his fire, his I-have-been-in-it-myself conviction always completely captures his audience. When twenty thousand people at the tremendous July 19 Madison Square Garden meeting stood to give Father O'Flanagan an ovation which they would willingly have kept up all night, chairman Roger Baldwin voiced the sentiments of us all when he said, "Father, if that's religion, you'll have us all joining the Church." When at the luncheon given to him by the Medical Bureau on July 18, Father O'Flanagan said to an audience composed largely of Irish Catholic folk, "Such bad things have been said about me, that I have been afraid I might do you more har-rum than good," his hearers rushed to deny this with, "Oh, Father, *you* could do us no har-rum!"

It is very difficult to understand how anyone can hear him and not believe in the cause to which he has devoted his life, the fight for democratic ideals, and the right and duty of Catholics, as Catholics, to participate in that fight. When you read in the Catholic press in the United States, the abuse and calumnies heaped on Father O'Flanagan for his support of the Spanish government, you can think only of, "They have ears, but they hear not."

While it may have come as a surprise to some in the United States last year, and again this year, to see a member of the Roman Catholic priesthood speaking at open meetings in behalf of Spain, it is no surprise turn in the life of Father O'Flanagan. His history is the rich one of a man who has seen the right thing to do, and done it boldly and ably, unmindful of the penalties to be exacted in the fields of personal preferment and success.

Father O'Flanagan's first fourteen years in the priesthood show him an outstandingly proficient and respected servant of the Church. Upon receiving the sacrament of ordination on Assumption Day, 1900, in the Cathedral Church of Elphin, County Sligo, he was appointed a parish priest of the Elphin diocese and a faculty member of the ecclesiastical college of Summerhill. He held these posts until 1904, when at the request of his bishop he made his first visit to the United States to collect funds for the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary at Loughlynn. His appeals here, through a series of demonstrations of Irish lace making, one of the works of the convent, were met with great success.

He was again in the United States in 1910, this time as a delegate of the Gaelic League, which favored revival of the Irish language as part of the program in the Irish people's fight for independence. He is the author of a standard text on Irish phonetics.

While serving his parish in Ireland, he was invited to Rome to preach in the Church of San Silvestro, and was received by the Pope. He went first in 1912, to give the Advent sermons, and then again in 1914 to preach the more important Lenten sermons. The preaching of the Lenten sermons in Rome is the highest honor that can be bestowed on a priest in his function of preacher.

With the outbreak of the World War, Father O'Flanagan's difficulties with the Catholic hierarchy began. He advocated the old Irish doctrine that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." He disbelieved England's recruiting appeal to Ireland, that England's fight was Ireland's fight because England was on the side of Christianity, civilization, and small minorities. He attempted to dissuade Irishmen from joining the British army. And in this he came into personal conflict with his bishop, who though an Irishman, maintained the traditional pro-British position of the Irish Catholic hierarchy, even lending the episcopal automobile for recruiting purposes.

Father O'Flanagan, believing the Irish people's interests were not with England's fight, stated his belief. Having stated it, he maintained it. During the war years he was speaker at every important Irish patriot rally in Cork and Belfast.

And now he was making himself conspicuous in a way not to the liking of his bishop. He headed his fuel-hungry parishioners in their seizure of a bag of fuel intended for them but not distributed. He opposed a crown representative sent to Sligo to encourage farmers to increase production, with the demand that the government restore to the people the arable lands wrested from them to make cattle and sheep ranches for the landlords.

His bishop retaliated by transferring him from Sligo to Roscommon. So indignant were his parishioners at the transfer that they closed the parish church, refusing admission to the new incumbent. Only at the request of Father O'Flanagan himself did they open it two months later.

In 1916, after the tragic failure of the Easter Week Rebellion, the people of Ireland existed under an English reign of terror comparable only, Father O'Flanagan says, to that of Germany and Italy today. Father O'Flanagan made the first move in fighting the terror in 1917, when he sponsored the election of Count Plunkett. For at an election, things can be said from the platform that can't be said at other times. And the people knew what Count Plunkett stood for. Three of his sons had been in the Easter Rebellion, one of them hanged, and two of them condemned to penal servitude.

At this time the English tactics in Ireland changed. England was wanting United States support, and her savage treatment of the Irish patriots had not endeared her to Irish-Americans. Those of the Easter Week patriots still alive were liberated.

Together with Count Plunkett, now elected from North Roscommon, Father O'Flanagan initiated the Sinn Fein organization, whose independence program was contained in its name, which means literally, "We Ourselves." At Sinn Fein's first annual election, Father O'Flanagan became one of the two national vice-presidents along with Arthur Griffith, under the presidency of Eamon De Valera.

Now Father O'Flanagan's bishop ordered him to abstain from political activity without written diocesan permission. Father O'Flana-

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gan did not then, as he does not now, concede the Church's jurisdiction in his activities as a citizen. But for the non[illegible] he thought it more politic to avoid, or at least postpone, an overt break with the Church, and for some months he remained in the background of the leadership.

But when he was needed he came to the fore. After Sinn Fein had been defeated in three successive by-elections in hostile counties, Prime Minister Lloyd George decided the organization was on the run. He had imprisoned in England De Valera, Griffith, and hundreds of other leading Irish patriots. The day following the mass arrests, Father O'Flanagan stepped into the breach. He had escaped the arrests because England had relied on the Church to restrain him by threat of suspension.

For centuries the hierarchy of the Church in Ireland had used the sacraments against its people and its priests. Irish bishops had d confession and extreme unction to nen dying in the fight for Irish indepen-. While when the Black and Tans infested Ireland, those among them who were Catholics were allowed the sacraments. In the same way, the sacrament of ordination had been used as a weapon against Ireland's many patriotic priests. For the priests of Ireland were with the people's cause, even as the Basque priests in Spain today. The priests came from the people; there was no middle class to speak of; and it was natural that they should identify themselves with the people's cause. As Father O'Flanagan says, "Most of the priests were always with the people at heart; the leaders of the great insurrection of 1779 were priests. But, whenever priests made themselves heard they were threatened with suspension. Then they either kept quiet or went on talking until they were suspended, or 'silenced,' as we say in Ireland. And once they were 'silenced,' they were snowed under. You never heard of them again. There is no more forlorn a figure than a suspended priest pursued by the long arm of the Church. It is a very difficult position for a man, because as a suspended priest he may do his friends more harm than good."

When in 1918, Father O'Flanagan openly assumed leadership of Sinn Fein, two weeks passed before his bishop decided to suspend him, and another two weeks before the suspension was generally known. And in the meantime, Father O'Flanagan had rallied the movement. The victory of the previous year in North Roscommon was repeated in East Cavan. This time the Church's suspension was no "silencing." In the eyes of the people, suspension under such circumstances was an honor, and not even political enemies ever dared refer to him as a suspended priest.

For a year Father O'Flanagan remained acting-president of Sinn Fein. Being suspended, he had no parochial duties, and he was able to devote his entire time to the organization. During the general election of 1918, in which Sinn Fein won, he spoke daily at half a dozen meetings and traveled from one hundred to two hundred miles in between. A master of oratory in a country of orators, he reached every interest of the Irish people, and carried over 70 percent of Ireland, North and South, in favor of an independent Irish republic. He refused a candidacy himself, because as he says, he did not wish to attempt solution of too many of Ireland's problems simultaneously. When he had played so major a role in creating the first Dail Eireann, he was content to be attached to it in the capacity of chaplain.

In this position he attended Dail Eireann's inaugural meeting. Although still officially a suspended priest, he was requested by chairman Cathal Bruga to recite the opening prayer, with the words, "I call upon Father Michael O'Flanagan, the most faithful priest that ever lived in Ireland."

In 1919 the Church authorities, now listening to the voice of the Irish people's opinion, removed the suspension, and restored Father O'Flanagan to his Roscommon curacy. But in 1920, at the height of the Black and Tan terror, his bishop sent an additional curate to Roscommon without explanation. The parish priest informed Father O'Flanagan that the new curate was replacing him. Thus, Father O'Flanagan was in the anomalous position of

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CONEY FOURTH

I: You Go Inside

The pink spun sugar—graduation tulle,
Love on a race-track oiled against the sun,
A yard of hoodlums shouting out of school,
"Some fun for a nickel, boy, I'll say, some fun!"

The almost-meat of hot dogs hunger-ripe,
The bombing flight of roller coasters. Look,
They're going to shoot the man out of that pipe!
I read about it somewhere in a book.

O Mrs. Snyder writhed upon the chair,
Immortal now, forever stained in wax.
You go inside, forget the living air.
A thin dime, Gents, plus the amusement tax.

II: Nickel Ride

In carousel the land revolving by!
The music-trees! White horses of the clouds
Completing blatant circle in the sky
Above the spinning platform of the crowds.
We stoop to speed, and mounted from the ground
Touch with the heart no lyric roadside thing.
But with electric jerkings of the drowned
Clutch for salvation in a small brass ring.

III: Wayfarer

Wayfarer, in the thigh-tight trunks,
Jantzen-curried office boy,
Sober in a land of drunks,
So liveried for tenser joy.

The possibility of Peace!
The chested prowl along the walk,
The wink and whistle, the surcease
In love—ten minutes by the clock.

IV: Fireworks

Something announced is happening in the sky,
Over the water—momentary light,
Communal celebration, wide and high
And handsome as the fire-bird in its flight.

Our little Canton, Barcelona-view
Safe from the shore, theatrical and free.
Parabolas of rockets for the Jew,
Parade of bombs down to the blood-dark sea.

O thunder fall, rose window joke of death
Fired on the tinsel of a holiday!
O merry Independence, clutch your breath
And run for shelter—down—the nearest way!

MARSHALL SCHACHT.

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a priest on an indefinite compulsory vacation, but not under ban of suspension or other ecclesiastical penalty. To a man who had been for months in constant danger of assassination by the Black and Tans, freedom to leave a country town of two thousand was, as Father O'Flanagan says, "a blessing in disguise." So he went to Dublin.

As a representative of the Irish republic, Father O'Flanagan was sent to the United States again in 1921. At the valedictory to him at the national convention of Sinn Fein, President De Valera said, "Father O'Flanagan is more responsible for the present strong position of Ireland than any other living man."

The Catholic hierachy in the United States was eager to welcome Father O'Flanagan on his 1921 visit. The Irish cause was now respectable here. In Boston, Cardinal O'Connell made the front page by having himself photographed shaking hands with Father O'Flanagan. In Chicago, Archbishop, now Cardinal, Mundelein was, with Father O'Flanagan, one of the two principal speakers to a meeting of twenty thousand. Will the American Catholic hierarchy feel embarrassed when soon they will have to shake hands with Father O'Flanagan in congratulation over republican Spain?

Father O'Flanagan remained in the United States until 1923, addressing great crowds all over the country in behalf of independent Ireland. Then with J. T. O'Kelly, present chairman of republican Dail Eireann, he was sent to Australia to continue his campaign. The Australian tour was so successful, the Catholic hierarchy complained so persistently of the effect he was having on the Catholic masses that the reactionary government of Australia deported him. When he returned to Ireland in 1925, he was again suspended.

This suspension detracted from his influence with the Irish people as little as the earlier one. He continued his political course, and now embarked on a new undertaking which he had long had in mind. This was to edit and publish the work of the great Irish scholar, John O'Donovan, which had lain hidden for nearly a century. John O'Donovan had collected historical material on every county in Ireland while employed by the British Ordnance Department. His findings were not to the liking of the English authorities and were never published. Father O'Flanagan set to work on these studies and brought them out in twenty-seven volumes.

When his father died in 1927, Father O'Flanagan appealed for his suspension to be lifted. It was his dearest wish to be able to say the requiem mass. His bishop was then in Rome, and the Right Reverend Michael Hart, Vicar-General of Elphin, having the same powers as the bishop, was acting in his place. He removed the suspension. It has *never* been reimposed.

Last year when Father O'Flanagan was in the United States, the Medical Bureau cabled the Bishop of Elphin several times for his official statement on Father O'Flanagan's suspension as answer to the scurrilous charges made in the unofficial Catholic press. After two weeks, the Bishop of Elphin answered with this equivocation, "the suspension was not removed by me." Who said it was? Father O'Flanagan says, "He lied like any small boy pushed into a corner." When Father O'Flanagan is asked why he hasn't been suspended again, he says, "What's the use of silencing a man when he won't stay silenced? It makes them look too foolish! And you can't keep punishing a man for the same crime!"

Woodcut by John Stenvall

If the Catholic hierarchy in the United States is so certain that Father O'Flanagan is a suspended priest now, why doesn't it come out once and for all with an official statement over an official signature, instead of resorting to the back-door method of printing its accusations in its non-official press?

When the fascist rebellion broke out in Spain, it was natural that Father O'Flanagan, who has so long fought for democratic ideas, should take a definite stand with the Spanish government. Since the beginning of the Civil War, he has worked in cooperation with Frank Ryan, commandant of the Irish Brigade, which has done such splendid work in Spain. Forming the Irish Friends of Spanish Democracy, he has conducted scores of successful meetings in Ireland for Spain, and it has been largely through his influence that the Free State has not recognized the Burgos government. The wide appeal of his influence in the United States on behalf of Spain is well known to us.

Father O'Flanagan sees danger in the failure of American Catholics to organize themselves to fight fascism, as the Spanish and French Catholics have already done. He reminds American Catholics that fascism was spawned in the mother city of the Church, grew up in the Catholic city of Munich, and is now showing its medals in the Catholic country of Austria.

Is the Church helping fascism, and does fascism help the Church in return? Father O'Flanagan sees that the Church is helping fascism and getting a very bad bargain by doing it. He thinks that the Pope is beginning to realize that it is not good sense to be on the side of Franco when it throws him into the same camp with Hitler and Mussolini, who are out to destroy the Church. He says, "Catholics will get themselves and their Church very badly damaged if they do not organize to fight fascism."

Commenting on the memorable casuistry of our American Cardinal O'Connell after Franco's bombing of Barcelona, "It is a lie. General Franco would not do such a thing. It must have been a military maneuver," Father O'Flanagan says, "It was hardly a surprise to me to see this eminent churchman make such a fool of himself. His thinking, if you can call it thinking, followed true to the form of a popular story we have in Ireland about a bootmaker and his dead-beat customer. The bootmaker went after the customer and said, 'Pay me for those boots you ordered.' And the dead-beat answered, 'I never ordered those boots from you, and if I ordered them, I never took them, and if I took them I paid for them. So begone with you! I'll not be paying you!' "

But the position of the masses of the American Catholics to Spain, Father O'Flanagan feels, ". . . is not as disheartening as most of the news would have us believe. All over the country, after every meeting, Catholic communicants come up to me and say, 'Father, I'm with you, even though my pastor isn't.' And very many times American priests tell me, 'I am against Franco's fascism. I wish I could come out with it, but if I did I'd lose my job.' "

To such Catholic laymen and priests Father O'Flanagan says, "A Catholic does not owe his political conscience to his priest, the priest not to his bishop, the bishop not to his cardinal, and the cardinal not to the Pope. And it is well to remember that we, as Catholics, do not believe the Pope to be infallible in anything but matters of faith. He is not even impeccable. The Catholic Encyclopedia admits that many of the Popes were very bad eggs. Each and every Catholic layman and priest must answer only to his own conscience in his duties as a citizen. And it must be a very nasty thing indeed, to examine your conscience, if you support Franco's fascist terror in Spain. And I say to all men, that a man's manhood, the right to follow his own conscience, is more important than his job!"

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THE RULING PASSION

ACCORDING to an item in *Variety*, "bible of show biz," the legislature of the state of Indiana recently entertained a bill outlawing Sunday movies and baseball. The bill was killed in committee when ten Indianapolis theaters donated three hundred free passes each to the members of the legislature.

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BARCELONA BOOK FAIR

DESPITE the hardships of the war in Spain and the bombings to which the city has been subjected, Barcelona found time to hold its annual book fair during the month of June. It was held out of doors, in special booths and stalls set up in the Plaza de Cataluna and neighboring streets. The Fiesta del Libro, the book fair, was directed by the educational department of the Catalan government and ran at the same time as a special book conference which was called to discuss cultural, economic, and pedagogical problems, and the relations of the book trade to general problems raised by the war.

There were numerous special exhibitions at the fair. One feature was an exhibit illustrating the history of publishing in Catalonia, from 1770 to the present time. Another interesting display showed books published since July 19, 1936, when the present war against the Spanish government was started. The exhibit made clear that though, naturally enough, the war has interfered with the progress of writing and publishing, the literary development of Catalonia has continued, and books are being constantly published and sold. There were also special exhibits of books on the war and publications—magazines, newspapers, etc. —edited at the various fronts. A stand was set up in the Plaza de Cataluna where books were received as donations for the hospitals and libraries at the front.

Other stalls held exhibits of new editions of classical Catalan writers. One of the most popular works is the poetry of Father Jacint Verdaguer, a Catalan priest, author of a famous epic about Atlantis. Modern writers were not neglected. The catalogue of the fair listed prominently the works of authors who received the Catalan government's literary prizes for 1937.

Special sections were devoted to Catalan translations of outstanding foreign works. Among English writers, Scott, Chesterton, Wells, Thomas Hardy, and Aldous Huxley are unusually popular in Barcelona.

One of the most popular exhibits was the Bible stall run by the Bible House of Barcelona. There were editions of the Bible in Spanish and Catalan, at different prices. Interest was high and sales, according to the Bible House, were very satisfactory. Herbert L. Matthews, correspondent for the New York *Times,* pointed out in a dispatch on March 12, 1938, that sales of the Bible have steadily increased in Spain, ever since the founding of the republic in 1931. Two firms, the Bible House of Barcelona, and the British and Foreign Bible Society, of Madrid, have published in the last two years numerous editions of both testaments. Apparently, the most popular edition is the Cipriano de Valera version of both testaments in one volume, which sells for the equivalent of about fifty cents. Sales of the Bible at the 1937 fair showed a decided increase over sales in 1936, and this year's fair continued the upward trend.—PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY, *July 30.*

FOREIGN INTRIGUE IN MEXICO

Plots Against the People's Government

MARC FRANK

SINCE the American note to Mexico, there has been an increasing tendency on both sides of the Rio Grande to expect the United States to take up the White Man's Burden and "restore order" on the southern frontier. An American Catholic paper, while pretending to censure the State Department's "meddling" in Mexico, fulminates against the Mexican government as a "financial bankrupt and moral outcast." True, it says much the same of Roosevelt. Mr. George Creel, whose propaganda agency sold America the "war for democracy," suggested recently, on the other hand, that the United States should give Mexico a helping hand to save it from the threatened "chaos" of being "overrun by a leftist horde."

I have seen documents from the Mexican Attorney General's office which explain the antecedents—and the probable sequel—of the Cedillo uprising. These show that reactionary Mexican employers have a very fair fascist and anti-union organization in the Mexican Middle-Class Federation. It is subsidized by Germany and Japan, both of whom long coveted the dominating influence between the Rio Grande and the Panama Canal. Despite propaganda to the contrary in the American press, especially under the signature of Frank L. Kluckhohn in the New York *Times,* the fascist axis is determined to crush the Cárdenas government rather than to woo it.

Neither has reaction in the United States been entirely neglected. The Mexican Middle-Class Federation—which is neither Mexican nor middle-class primarily—actually sent its statutes for approval, on Oct. 31, 1936, to the Republican Party.

The Middle-Class Federation, presided over by engineer Gustavo Saenz De Sicilia, is the hub around which revolve a large number of other subversive organizations, extending from the Spanish Anti-Communist and Anti-Jewish Association, in close touch with Franco and the Archbishop of Seville, through the reactionary National Union of Veterans of the Revolution to the Mexican Employers Association.

Provedly, the Middle-Class Federation has been in contact with both the German and the Japanese embassies in Mexico. Equally, it was financed by the Employers Association, "in order to fight to the death Communism, which was assuming gigantic proportions in the CTM (Mexican Workers Federation)." The CTM is not Communist just as the CIO is not Communist, but the policy was and is to lump the CTM, Cárdenas, and Communism together, just as the equivalent sectors in the United States hysterically assimilate Communism, Roosevelt, and John L. Lewis.

This fraud of finding Communism everywhere inspired the openly subversive policy of the Middle-Class Federation against the Cárdenas government. But, perhaps more importantly, it led to a very close alliance between the political fascist groups and the Employers Association which subsidized them. At the beginning of 1936, the employers decided to grant the Middle-Class Federation some $3,000 monthly for its campaigns. Among the employers were the biggest Mexico City importers of German drugs and hardware, whose connections with the Brown House are well known, and the directors of Sanborn, the best-known tourist rendezvous in Central America.

In Mexico, freedom of speech and propaganda is the widest in the capitalist world. There has recently been some trouble in the United States about the Muskin Shoe Co.'s habit of passing out "anti-Communist" propaganda amongst its employees. In Mexico, as yet, only the unions have made an issue of this. The Mexican Employers Association, as appears from these documents, not only passes around its own propaganda, obligingly drawn up by the fascist Middle-Class Federation and printed in Cedillo's friendly territory of San Luis Potosi, but actually imports direct from Germany, where the Fichte-Bund, of Hamburg, has been turning out anti-union pamphlets in Spanish to be sent by mail or to be smuggled into Mexico in bales of goods.

On Feb. 11, 1937, the Jalisco Employers Association—the Cristeros were always encouraged in that state—was pleased to receive "the bulletins from Hamburg." On July 22, 1937, the Laguna branch was informed by the Mexico City center that "Germany would send that kind of propaganda direct."

The employers, however, feared that union members might see through this rather raw deal. On Aug. 3, 1937, Edward G. Brittingham, manager of the Mexican Glass Co., wrote to engineer H. Carrasco, president of the Employers Association: "As regards the distribution of these pamphlets among the workers in this firm, we beg you to inform us if you can send some trusted agent very confidentially to distribute them at the factory gates. In order to obtain the desired results, we think it would be convenient that they

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should be distributed outside the factory by someone not working there." There are many similar suggestions.

The Middle-Class Federation was in close touch with the Spanish Anti-Communist and Anti-Jewish Association, which, in a letter to General Franco dated May 3, 1937, highly recommended the Union of Veterans of the Revolution, "in which are included many generals and army officers." The veterans had originally refused to accept the adhesion of the Spanish Association, as "un-Mexican," but soon after "excited its patriotism so that it might bring in its subscription as soon as possible."

The Veterans of the Revolution apparently left Cedillo in the lurch—at least there is no definite evidence of their implication. They have, however, recently adhered to Ramon Iturbe's fascist "Democratic Front" movement against Cárdenas. But, as long ago as April 1936, they submitted their statutes for Cedillo's approval, and, in the same month, started forming a whole series of scab unions, such as are now most common in Yocupicio's Sonora and in the big manufacturing town of Monterrey, dominated by an employers' association which uses Gold Shirts as strikebreakers. It is noteworthy that the Spanish Anti-Communist Association's pro-Franco propaganda was largely sent to the Foreign Club in Monterrey, and was received from a certain F. B. Bustamente, of 739 Second Ave., New York City.

The veterans' demagogy created such organizations as the Left-Wing United Front of Workers and Agrarian Peasants, in April 1936. A representative of Cedillo was present. In November, the veterans organized the Unemployed Workers Block of the Federal District (i.e. Mexico City and environs), and also some railway men and street-car men in the Democratic National Party, which uses a swastika on its note paper. All this, of course, was highly approved by the employers.

After Cárdenas' expropriation of the oil companies, the Employers Association raised money for a campaign against the measure. However, the Tampico branch was handicapped by the disappearance of "the monthly subsidy paid in by the oil companies with a strictly confidential character." In fact, the employers in general were badly frightened by the failure of Cedillo's rising, and on May 18, 1938, we find the president of the Middle-Class Federation writing to the Employers Association that "it is the eleventh hour, and it would be lamentable if we had to abandon the fight and end in contempt, when I am certain that the near future will bring us success." The employers and the Veterans of the Revolution had already transferred their support to more hopeful candidates such as Yocupicio, governor of Sonora, and Iturbe, founder of the Democratic Front, which is about as democratic as the Liberty League was liberal.

All these groups are blatantly nationalistic, especially since adopting the Nazi-inspired anti-Communist and anti-Jewish slogans. The powers which are attempting penetration into Mexico are Germany, for economic and ideologic reasons, and Japan, for strategic reasons. Nevertheless, the Middle-Class Federation, on Nov. 30, 1936, wrote to German Ambassador Rüd von Kollemberg congratulating him on the German-Japanese pact, "the realization of a great hope." Similar congratulations were sent to Japanese Minister Saechiro Koshda. At the same time, the Middle-Class Federation and the Employers Association strongly supported the Iberian-American Anti-Communist Congress, which, in fact, was thought up by Jorge Ubico, dictator of Guatemala, under Italian influence. Ubico is too obviously non-Aryan to regard the Nazi theories very sympathetically, but the Mexican Middle-Class Federation stated that the idea of the Congress "had been agreeably received by the legations of Germany, Italy, and Japan."

All the groups mentioned above have been, according to these documents, in touch with Nicolas Rodriguez, leader of the illegal fascist Gold Shirts, who received considerable sums from the Nazis. The Gold Shirt leaders are in exile, but several thousand still act as strikebreakers in Monterrey, Nuevo Leon, and as smugglers of arms across the United States borders. Cedillo was in touch with them, as well as with numerous scattered bandits, including the famous Tallarin, to whom he could not send arms and funds in time. In 1937, Gold Shirt agents reported that the governor of Texas was sympathetic. An agent, Rudolfo Brito Foucher, went to Berlin. Already, in 1933, Cedillo, still apparently on the side of the Mexican government, had contracted for a German airman, Erich Spahn from Berlin. Clevenger came in later, as is now well known. In these contracts, Cedillo had the aid of the Gold Shirts, who were, or had been, connected with members of the Middle-Class Federation and the terrorist groups attached, led by Carmen Calero. It is alleged that the American Smelting & Refining Co., the biggest silver refiners in Mexico, were indebted to Cedillo for facilities in the erection of a plant in San Luis Potosi.

Woodcut by Julio de Diego

Americans offered their services to Cedillo even after his defeat. A Mr. O. K. Rosehook, of Oklahoma, wanted a military rank as late as May 1938. A Mr. Robert Chamberlain, of Los Angeles, who "knew how to fight and liked it," also offered his services. The most important Cedillist agents in the United States, however, were Clevenger, Douglas L. Cullison, and Manning Stires, who tried vainly to get a two-million-peso loan out of the Chase National Bank in New York, of which 750,000 pesos were to be spent on "machinery," according to a document dated March 4, 1938, two months before the rising. The connection of Cedillo with the Gold Shirts is shown by the fact that his sister, Higenia, is now in exile at their headquarters in Mission, Tex.

Cedillo's connection with the employers, which broke down only because Cárdenas was too quick, too strong, and too popular for him, is shown by recent and sinister instructions sent from the Travellers' Hotel, Brownsville, by a certain Capt. Rafael Morelos, "arrived from the Revolutionary Front," dated June 19. The mayor of the frontier town of Matamoros is asked to make a list of all union leaders "so that they may be located and punished as traitors to the country when our forces enter the town." These instructions are to be forwarded to the Chamber of Commerce and the Employers Association.

Thus, the Mexican employers are now perfectly willing to sell out their country to the most covetous powers, Germany and Japan, in pursuit of a policy which fundamentally amounts to nothing more than the destruction of legitimate union activity, which receives in Mexico at present rather less governmental support than it does in the United States under the Roosevelt administration.

Yet the program of the Middle-Class Federation, hub of all these subversive activities, claims in its letter to the Republican Party of the U. S. that one of its chief aims is to "uphold the demands of the unorganized and organized workers," although there is a rider to the effect that "capital should not be attacked on questions alien to labor problems." Cedillo's own solution, however, of the drive against Cárdenas' "Judaico-Communist" regime was simply to promote by one grade all generals and officers supporting his rising and the promise to bestow on all citizens without exception who took an active part in the movement the decoration "Favored Sons of the Fatherland." It seems a poor substitute for the annihilation of union activity for the benefit of Messrs. Sanborn, Franco, and the German and Japanese embassies.

★

FRANKLIN AND THE JEWS

REPORTS have been widely circulated, for several years, off and on, saying that Dr. Franklin made a speech during the Constitutional Convention against the Jewish race. The purported speech is printed, and said to be quoted in full, from a "private diary" kept by Charles Pinckney of South Carolina, who

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was a fellow delegate with Franklin at the convention in 1787.

But this "private diary" has not been produced. Historians and librarians have not been able to find it or any record of it having existed. The historians have said further that some of the words and phraseology used in the quoted speech cast grave doubt on its colonial origin. In plain English, they have claimed it a fake.

The Charles Pinckney "private diary" containing Franklin's vitriolic speech is now reported to be in possession of the Franklin Institute.

The truth is, we *do not* possess the notorious diary. In fact we know no more about its whereabouts than we did before, and that was nothing.

Franklin said, "There is much difference between imitating a good man, and counterfeiting him." We want to do a good turn wherever we can. We therefore suggest to those engaged in presumably counterfeiting a good man's language, for furthering their hellish desire to fan the flame of racial hatred, that they spend the same amount of time in doing something useful.

With this object in view we suggest that they first read about some of the things which Franklin is known to have done. One pertinent and authenticated statement is that when the Hebrew Society of Philadelphia sought to raise money for "a religious house," or synagogue, in Philadelphia, Franklin signed the petition of appeal for contributions to "citizens of every religious denomination," and gave five pounds himself to the fund.

We haven't the faith to believe that these present-day fanatics will immediately become civilized by reading Franklin's writings, but some good may result nevertheless. We suggest to our benighted friends that they read what Franklin thought about honesty, peace, virtue, religion, industry, and citizenship.

Perhaps you yourself would like to read what we are recommending to our misguided friends. We think you will find that what Franklin wrote, sometimes with saltiness, usually with humor, and always interestingly, to be good summer reading and will leave you feeling glad to be an American.

The Franklin Institute *does not* have the mythical Pinckney diary.—THE INSTITUTE NEWS, *Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, August 1938.*

Ad Reinhardt

Readers' Forum

Cultural Centers

TO NEW MASSES: Here's a boot from San Francisco, and Robert Forsythe had better be fast through that New York door.

Presumably, like a chicken through boarding-house soup, he passed through the Bay Region. I presume this, because he says that the "literary colony of San Francisco now consists entirely of William Saroyan. . . ." He dismisses our whole Northern California area with this one remark, thereby showing us up as a Sahara of Bozart, to quote (reluctantly) H. L. Mencken. He has nothing to say of art other than writing, nor of writers of today other than said Saroyan.

True, writers and artists of the Far West do not dally in cafés for bright conversation to such an extent as in the days of George Sterling, Jack London, Gelett Burgess, and Porter Garnett. They do not pattern their lives on the principle that "the first duty of wine is to be red." They are, for the most part, serious, progressive-minded people who are doing fine work and are not making a great noise about it. Without disparaging Saroyan, I ask Robert Forsythe to remember that he did make a great noise and forced New York to notice him. He even wrote a lengthy letter about freezing in San Francisco, which pricked the curiosity of Easterners, who didn't know it could be done (I mean that anyone could freeze in San Francisco).

Robert Forsythe completely overlooked John Steinbeck, who was born in the Salinas Valley, lives in Los Gatos, and whose work is indigenous to this region. He was unaware of Hans Otto Storm in Palo Alto. Storm is a very quiet person; he couldn't make a noise like Saroyan in a million years. But what true critic can fail to place *Pity the Tyrant* among the fine novels of our modern time? Again, I would remind R. F. that Robert Brady, author of *The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism,* lives in Berkeley. These writers, I assure him, do not complete the picture.

On the whole I believe that Forsythe's point is well taken. New York absorbs most of the art of the country. But what hurts is that such an outstanding progressive writer can make snap judgments, just as if he were a visiting English author zooming through America and dashing home to write the last word about our culture.

And here's hoping that Hollywood will take him up on the matter of "cheesy books."

ETHEL TURNER.
Secretary, Northern California Branch,
League of American Writers.

Homogeneity in Palestine

TO NEW MASSES: In response to your invitation to your readers to express their views on the Palestine discussion, I think it important to stress clarity in respect to method rather than abundance of factual detail.

According to Mr. Samuel, a Jewish capitalist sector is in conflict with an Arab feudal one. The situation cannot be solved until there is "homogeneity of economic structure"; i. e. Palestine can reach stability only if it becomes entirely feudal or entirely capitalist.

That homogeneity on a capitalist foundation means solution of a race antagonism, or stability, or anything even remotely approaching such a result is a strange conclusion, to come from the pen of a Jew, in view of such obvious demonstrations to the contrary elsewhere, and recently. Do Italy and its attitude permit of such an inference? Does Germany? We will not try to make the list complete.

It is not necessary to spend time here on the conception of feudal homogeneity, which in these days is an anachronism.

There is another point however: early capitalism thrived on the absence of homogeneity. Early capitalism grew by expanding into non-capitalist areas. Progress was registered by converting feudal interior agricultural areas of nations into internal markets with large purchasing power based on capitalism.

Those were the "good old days" of capitalism, when it found room for expansion into non-capitalist areas. After this process reached the saturation point, the homogeneity attained meant the end of expansion and the beginning of decline and fall.

In other words, the notion that capitalist homogeneity is a satisfactory level of achievement is an assumption and cannot be accepted as sound. The present situation in the world would seem to establish, with an abundance of proof, that this "homogeneity" is inaugurating the most murderous stage of history known to human experience.

This fundamental error, which occurs in a variety of applications, undermines the validity of the claims presented.

For instance: The transformation of Arab feudalism to capitalism is impossible or hopeless if the Jews are a minority and the Arabs a majority. Why? Haven't minorities been transforming the world from the dawn of history?

It would take too much space to indicate other similar points. Suffice it to say, in passing, that Mr. Samuel favors the partition (now pending) because it permits of a Jewish majority in a diminished area. The latter will then have still less influence on the feudal-Arab sector than before, and will, in reality, be an island in a sea of enemies. Mr. Samuel had better think twice before endorsing this "solution" of the problem.

The fact that capitalism represents a higher level of production and productivity than feudalism has been applied by Mr. Samuel in mechanical fashion. He forgot or ignored that the higher production level must be accompanied by adequate distribution of the product.

Jewish capitalism, with its accompaniment of an increasing maladjustment of distribution, cannot assimilate Arab feudalism. A higher level of production, based on an equitable principle of distribution, can conquer Arab feudalism and Jewish capitalism. For that purpose the victims of these two bad distributions must act as a homogeneous united mass. Here is the lever of the change that indicates stability and solution. Here is source from which the renaissance must emerge, and that is where it will be found.

New York City. M. BENNETT.

Nai Judah Movement

TO NEW MASSES: Of your two authors on the solution for Palestine, Paul Novick's plan seems to be the most likely to bring the present wave of terroristic acts to a permanent end. But Palestine Zionism cannot meet the needs of the persecuted Jewish peoples of the world, particularly of those countries in which their existence is being made intolerable today. The whole of Palestine could not support any large proportion of the world's Jews, even if all the Arabs were to leave that strife-torn land. The Nai Judah movement proposes the outright purchase of fertile idle land (in Australia, South America, or Canada, for example) of sufficient extent to be able to receive and support all the world's Jews if necessary. Such a Jewish homeland would not be a protectorate from which the Jews could be driven after a political change in a foreign capital. It would be a sovereign state, self-supporting, self-defending and engaging in international commerce on an equal footing with other friendly nations. I believe your readers would be interested in a detailed exposition of the Nai Judah movement by its founder, Joseph Otmar Hefter.

Trenton, N. J. J. G. H.

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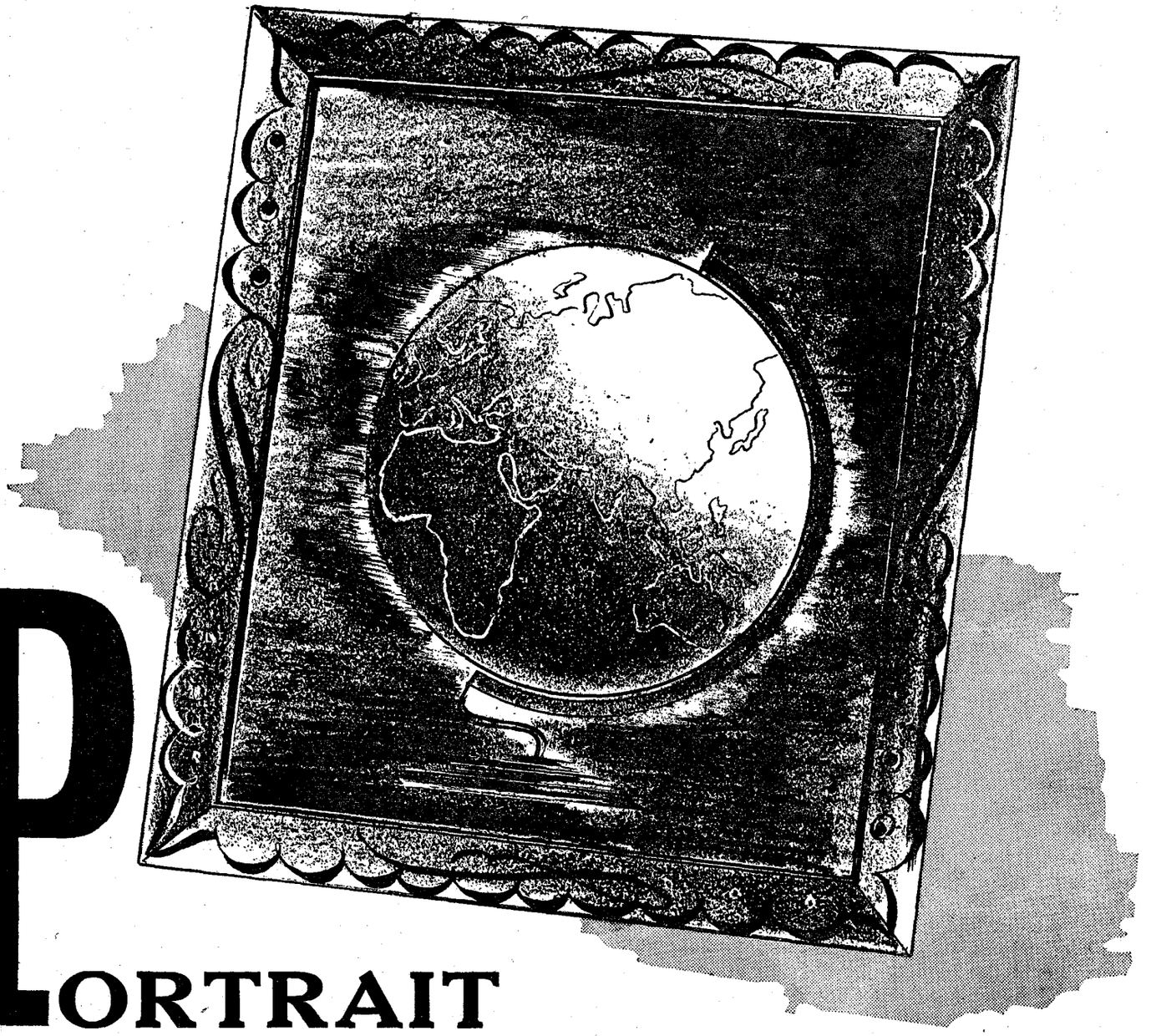

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Romancers of the Left

HERE are three novels* that are not realistic studies of contemporary life. Vincent Sheean has gone back almost two centuries for his subject. William Blake deals with the present, but he has written an unabashed melodrama, frankly based on *The Count of Monte Cristo*. The mysterious Mr. Traven, as usual, picks a theme more frequently exploited by the pulp-writers: strange adventure in the Central American jungle, with a touch of the supernatural.

Since the realistic novel of contemporary life, in spite of all that has been written in criticism of it, remains the most common literary form of our day, this threefold variation from what appears to be the norm is interesting. It has further significance in that all three authors have some tie with the left. Mr. Sheean's is perhaps rather tenuous, but his sympathies were hinted at in *Personal History*. Mr. Traven's political views are as difficult to define as his nationality and character, but there can be no doubt of his allegiance to the working class. Mr. Blake arrives freshly on the literary scene, but the publishers say that he has lectured on Socialism in England and the United States, and he appends to his tale a Marxian moral.

A Day of Battle describes the victory of France over England at Fontenoy on May 11, 1745. As the day progresses, we meet the curiously composed forces on the side of France: the belligerent, impatient Irish; the romantic followers of the Stuart cause; the glittering attendants at the court of Louis XV. Occasionally we leave Flanders for Etioles, where the beautiful little bourgeoise, Madame Lenormant, soon to be Madame de Pompadour, entertains Voltaire and waits for word from the King at the front.

It is a tour de force, but a successful one. Impressive firmness of structure replaces the formlessness of *San Felice,* and invention—of which, as Mr. Sheean says, there is little—perfectly merges with history. As the fortunes of the battle are described, characters emerge with greater and greater clarity. At the end two figures dominate the scene: Maurice de Saxe, whose stubborn devotion to the virtues of the professional soldier has at last had its rewards, and Voltaire, egoist and time-server, malicious, greedy, corrupt, but at the same time a prophet and a servant of progress.

Yet, successful as the book is in its own terms, it raises questions that are not easy to answer. Why did Mr. Sheean choose to recreate so carefully the eleventh of May, 1745? He tries to tell us in the preface. There was, he says, a long struggle between a decadent France and the rising power of England. The British victory made industrialism possible in England and revolution necessary in France. Yet at one moment, with the triumph at Fontenoy, it appeared that the historical processes had been reversed, and all the lost causes seemed to have won. "To look at the losers in their moment of victory," he writes, "to reflect upon the lost cause when it seemed to win, and to feel by some system of imaginative transference what men and women felt on the day of Fontenoy, was the hope of the author in beginning the book. . . . Since reversals of the current of time are a phenomenon of not infrequent appearance, there may be Fontenoys today or tomorrow, and the battle seems to the author not a tangent from the historic process, but a part of its general curve."

Of all this, however, there is little in the novel itself, and what there is is introduced, not quite effortlessly, in some words of Voltaire and especially in the closing meditations of Marquis d'Argenson. Mr. Sheean observes rather plaintively that the participants in this struggle did not seem aware of its significance, and yet he chose to present it from the points of view of various actors. It is no wonder that he had to write a preface to say what the novel has failed to make clear.

Tom Funk

Perhaps we ought to regard *A Day of Battle* as a kind of apprentice piece. It proves, as *San Felice* did not, that Sheean can take his readers and immerse them in a particular period of history. Now, one suspects, he will go on to use this ability to make history speak to the reader, as obviously he wants to do. It would be easier, I should think, if he gave himself more scope, although, with the right method, even a picture of a single day would do what he wants. In any case we can be confident that he will find a way to give us "that wonderful century" so that we can grasp its meaning.

The World Is Mine raises questions of a different kind. Primarily it leads us to ask whether melodrama can serve a serious intellectual purpose. We are frequently told of the great public that reads solely for relaxation, and it is suggested that, if radical authors would cater to this audience, providing plenty of sugar-coating, they could reach hundreds of thousands. William Rollins, Jr., tried this in *Wall of Men,* which has conventional heroes, labeled loyalists, and conventional villains, labeled fascists. Almost anyone will agree that such a book, in which the roles could be reversed with little more than a change of names, is not likely to influence readers with convictions; the hope is that it may affect the neutrals. But the neutral reader, I am afraid, sees only the conventional heroes and villains and pays no attention to the political labels. The trouble with the Ex-lax theory of fiction is that the intellectual constitution, unlike the physical, can accept the chocolate while rejecting the medicine.

The World Is Mine does not rely merely on labels or disguised preaching. Its moral, which is the bankruptcy of capitalism and the futility of anarchism, does to some extent grow out of the story as a whole. But the story is melodrama. The hero, Don Cristobál, an anarchist in his student days, turns to the world of finance, partly because he wants money and power, partly because he seeks to avenge his father, partly because he dreams

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*A DAY OF BATTLE, *by Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.50.*

THE WORLD IS MINE, *by William Blake. Simon & Schuster. $3.*

THE BRIDGE IN THE JUNGLE, *by B. Traven. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

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of vengeance on the whole capitalist system. Become tremendously rich, he succeeds in polishing off the four British financiers who ruined his father, but he does not bring about the social revolution, and he sees the futility of individualistic plans in the Spanish revolution.

Mr. Blake, who obviously had a good time writing *The World Is Mine,* managed by virtue of that fact to avoid the tongue-in-cheek gesture that usually marks a sophisticate's adventure into melodrama. It is with real gusto that he avails himself of the privileges the genre gives him. The hero is a hero indeed, accomplishing fabulous feats of fornication and finance. As in Dumas' romances, the incidents are highly plausible in detail, however preposterous the general outline of the story. The characters all speak in polysyllables and crisp, ironic sentences. Mr. Blake knows just a trifle too much about finance to make the story continuously interesting, for the reader really does not care whether Cristobál could or could not amass ten billion dollars, but when he imitates Dumas and draws on his spacious imagination, he is very lively.

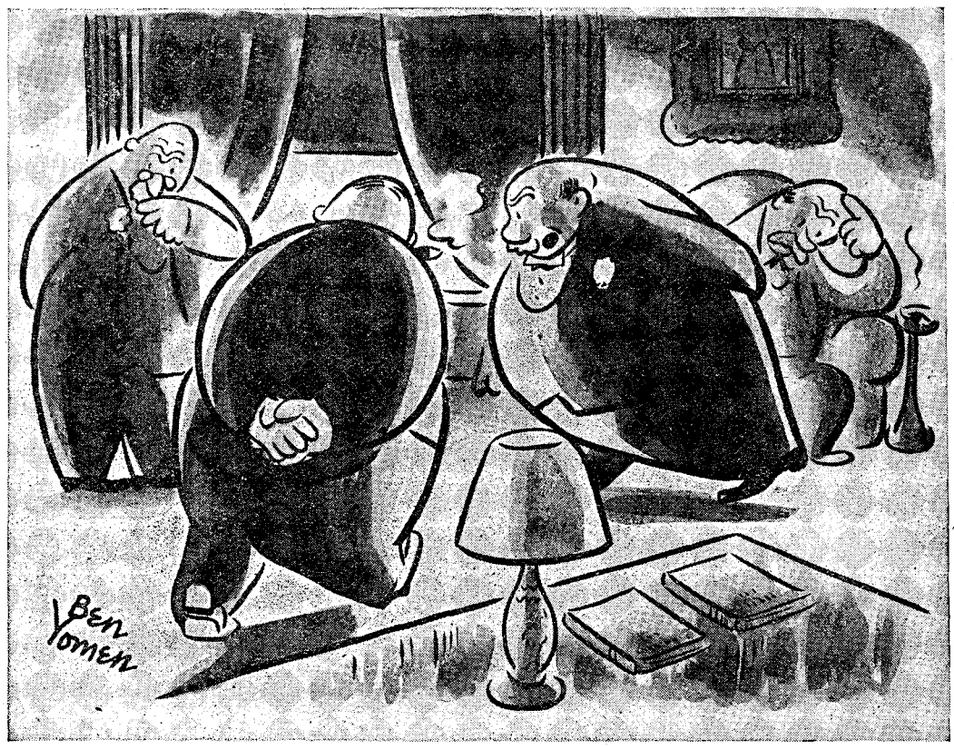
Does the story put over its message? I wish the answer could be statistically determined. The enterprising firm of Simon & Schuster might send out a questionnaire: "Are you more or less friendly to capitalism as a result of reading this book? Do you believe that a rich man can bring about the social revolution? Why or why not? Can anarchism bring about the social revolution? Why or why not?" There should also be some subtle way of discovering whether the readers have acquired distorted ideas of the nature of capitalism, of the distinction between anarchism and Communism, of the civil war in Spain. Then we might know something about the melodrama and the mind of the reader. In the meantime the novel can safely be recommended for what Mr. Farrell once called "entertainment value."

The Bridge in the Jungle, as readers of Mr. Powell's article (New Masses, Aug. 2) know, is the latest of Traven's novels to be presented in English. Less than either *A Day of Battle* or *The World Is Mine* does it fit into the romantic category. Indeed, except for the episode of the candle and the corpse, it might be regarded as realism. To me it is the least successful of the three available Traven novels, for a rather slight incident is inflated into novel size, with not altogether happy results. A white man finds himself in a jungle village in Central America. A child disappears, and, after much anxiety, debate, and search, the body is found in the river and is buried. What the narrator tries to do is to communicate the significance that he felt in these events as he witnessed them. He succeeds, but the effort is out of proportion to the achievement.

Yet, if we assume that these three authors all had something to say to their readers, Traven is the one who comes closest to effective communication. His political views, only hinted at here, are eccentric, as we have learned from his earlier work, but he has a deep and genuine love of the exploited masses of the world. It is this that he contrives to put into words in *The Bridge in the Jungle,* despite all his clumsiness. There is none of the exciting narrative here that one finds in *The Death Ship* and *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre,* but there is a great deal of B. Traven.

What the three novels prove, with their various mixtures of success and failure, is that the radical novelist is by no means limited to one literary form. I still believe that the best revolutionary fiction we have is in a number of realistic novels of contemporary life, and I am not persuaded that the possibilities of this kind of writing have been exhausted. At the same time I don't deny that other forms have demonstrated their value. We have long favored the historical novel, and *A Day of Battle,* despite what seems to me a fundamental weakness, is a strong argument on its behalf. Traven, from the very beginning, has shown that a tale of unusual adventure, when based on observation and suffused with true emotion, can provide a rich literary experience as well as exciting reading. The case for class-angled melodrama seems to me more dubious, not because it violates the canons of contemporary realism, but because its thesis apparently has to be superimposed on the story. I cling, that is, to the belief that what a writer wants to communicate must be inherent in the body of experience that is his subject. But that does not limit us to strikes and the lives of the unemployed, important as these subjects are, nor even to the kind of events that seem to be typical of an industrial society. Nor does it limit us to a particular kind of treatment. The notion that there is a formula for the radical novel exists solely in the minds of hostile critics. Fortunately it has never taken possession of the radical writers, and hence revolutionary fiction gains constantly in breadth and variety.

GRANVILLE HICKS.



Ben Yomen

"There must be SOMETHING subversive about 'My Sister Eileen.'"

British Symposium

DARE WE LOOK AHEAD? *by Bertrand Russell, Vernon Bartlett, G. D. H. Cole, Sir Stafford Cripps, Herbert Morrison, Harold J. Laski. The Macmillan Company. $2.*

IF HITLER and Mussolini are now terrorizing the continent of Europe, speeding armaments and repressive legislation and giving dark hopes to frightened conservatives in many countries, it is plain that they do so only with the help of Chamberlain. More and more this gentleman appears to be the villain behind the scenes, the symbol of all the ruling class is willing to sacrifice to maintain its property and privileges in the future. National honor, trade routes, even empire can go by the board, so long as reform, which weakens the hold of the propertied classes, is stopped in every part of the world. What good are national honor and empire if they no longer serve the exclusive interest of the right people? This seems to be the motto of the British government, and it has shocked many Americans immeasurably to see the skeleton, for Chamberlain is not even a convincing hypocrite, out of the closet in full view.

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SYMPOSIUM ON EDUCATION

Education--in Portugal

"Education and undesirable literature, these are our enemies," says Dr. Salazar, Portugal's dictator who seems to be as proud of his country's 55 per cent illiteracy as he is of the comfort he's been to Franco and Mussolini.

Education--in Mexico

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Education--in the U. S. A.

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Education--continued

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Charline Crawfet

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present book will doubtless satisfy some of the mounting curiosity concerning the English scene, and explain those British policies which are the crux of the present international crisis. The essays which make up the volume represent a variety of authoritative, anti-fascist opinions; they probe, in some cases, deeply into the causes and circumstances of the villainy of the British government, and they illustrate once more the capacity of the English for ease and eloquence in the midst of trying conditions. What they fail to do is to provide specific solutions and programs. They fail to answer the question: Dare we look ahead? If one relied on this book, which in sum is far from reassuring, one would be much in doubt. It will be remembered that Hegel was introduced to the English public by a book called *The Secret of Hegel*, to which the reply was made that the secret was certainly well kept. A similar rejoinder could be made to the present volume.

Bertrand Russell's essay on "Science and Social Institutions" is the least constructive in the volume. Still under the sway of his *Icarus* myth and in the tradition of H. G. Wells' scientific romances, Russell draws rather dire conclusions from world factors quite isolated from their economic conditions. Science and technology, he believes, may prove self-destructive. They will not prevent war and declining birth rates which menace the continued existence of "scientific societies." Unfortunately, he makes no reference to the magnificent birth rate of the Soviet Union, nor to its peace policy. Indeed, he shows a positive inability to distinguish between the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany!

"In the democratic form [of government]" he explains, "education will be general, and all will have equal economic opportunities. In the oligarchic form, political and economic power will belong to a governing minority whose comfort and security will be the main purpose of the state, while the subject majority will be kept acquiescent by the combined operation of force, propaganda, and biochemistry [i.e. drugs]."

These stipulations seem to be intended as criteria of democracy; but Mr. Russell, one of the greatest logicians of our time, cannot draw the obvious inference. What he should conclude at once is that since the Soviet does far more to provide equal economic opportunities and scientific education for its citizens than any other government, it is by far the most democratic. He fails to do so. Can it be that he is unaware of the vast extension of general scientific education to millions of Russian peasants and workers who had no opportunities before? Or is it possible that he does not realize the overwhelming advantage conferred upon the English upper class by "public" schools, tutors, and universities? Mr. Russell has no doubt made these comparisons, but he fails to draw the conclusion. He knows that science and education are being disseminated as rapidly in the Soviet Union as they are being contracted in Germany, and yet he can see no difference between the two orders. Neither is democratic, in his opinion, and hence neither will use science and education to promote the general welfare.

The obvious answer, in Mr. Russell's own terms, is that the Soviet Union does employ science and education in this manner and is, therefore, a democracy. Unless Mr. Russell wants to maintain that Englishmen have equal economic opportunities but that Russians do not, or something other of the kind just as preposterous, he will find it impossible to escape this conclusion: The Soviet Union is a democracy, Germany a fascist oligarchy, and England an oligarchy operating under democratic forms. But this is not at all a conclusion which Mr. Russell wishes to reach. What he wants to say is that England is a democracy, while both Russia and Germany are undemocratic. But it is impossible for him to say this if he also argues that democratic, and only democratic, governments will provide general education and equal economic opportunities, and employ science for the general welfare. This is far too sensible a premise for Mr. Russell's conclusion and proves, in fact, the opposite. It is interesting to note in this connection that though he speaks of the degradation of science in Germany, which he attributes to the lack of democracy, he has nothing to say against science in the Soviet Union. This may suggest that he himself is not particularly satisfied with his course of reasoning. The confusion between the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany is a very basic one. Mr. Russell, from his outlook, can offer us no plan of action and not a ray of hope for the future.

In one of the most interesting of the essays of the volume, G. D. H. Cole describes the dislocation of the economy in nations preparing for war, but warns us that it is "foolish to look for the collapse of the economy of any of the fascist countries . . . merely on grounds of internal financial or economic unsoundness." Though their policies are in the long run indefensible, they can preserve themselves for a long time by financial

Beatrice Tobias

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manipulations and by sequestering the country from foreign pressure. In case of war, however, their recuperative powers may be greatly impaired. Mr. Cole is greatly concerned with what is to happen when rearmament slackens. He is determined to save the capitalist system, and as a Socialist it gives him some embarrassment. "But would any of us, however keen a Socialist he may be, really welcome another slump?" he asks. "Nay, would Stalin himself . . . be really pleased to hear tomorrow morning that British capitalism had finally and irretrievably gone down the drain?" Yes, he answers, if all capitalism, including that of fascist countries, simultaneously collapsed. If not, not. Mr. Cole wants to "restore" capitalism but thinks that little can be done unless the United States can be drawn into closer collaboration with Europe.

Sir Stafford Cripps' "The Political Reactions of Rearmament" is a witty, muckraking piece explaining the "Trinity of deceptions": God, king, and country, and other entertaining matters. The only disappointment is the author's mistrust and misunderstanding of the popular front. "The only true basis for any coalition of forces is the class basis," he says, and yet he justifies the Popular Front in France because it is a temporary expedient. At the end, however, everything straightens out. "Given a working-class government in Great Britain, we could, in alliance with France and Russia . . . form a nucleus of stability in the world which would attract every peace-anxious country." And such an alliance, he continues, would greatly strengthen the determination of the workers to win power.

"Socialism Today," by Herbert Morrison, is the most Fabian of all the articles. It gives an interesting account of the growth of public ownership in England, and then forecasts its gradual extension in the future (through compensation, rather than confiscation) into complete Socialism—a process which appears, to this reviewer at least, very unconvincing.

Harold J. Laski's "The Outlook for Civil Liberties" gives a very dark outlook indeed. If anything could be more sobering than the record of the curtailment of civil liberties in Great Britain since 1918, it is the connection of these domestic tactics with the pro-fascist foreign policy of the present government and the insidious propaganda designed to discredit

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"Okay, boss," Franco would chime in, "call off your non-intervention and we'll preserve the status quo till we meet in Valencia in September."

OR IMAGINE fisherman Chamberlain weekending at Cliveden, where politics is *always* taboo.

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●

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liberty or transform it into its opposite. This brilliant essay ends the book in the minor key. "We have once more come to the parting of ways," Laski remarks, and he expresses the hope that those who love freedom will show their metal when the hour of trial arrives.

More than this will be needed. More important than loyalty and stoical fortitude is a plan for concerted action. To many readers this will seem the central shortcoming of the book. It lacks a program for collective resistance to the dangers it describes.

V. J. McGILL.

Work Relief Program

THE RIGHT TO WORK, *by Nels Anderson. Modern Age Books. 50 cents.*

WITHIN the confines of about 150 pages of text, aided by graphic charts and many illustrations, Nels Anderson presents a convincing discussion of what has been done about unemployment in our country since the New Deal began to function. With invulnerable facts and irrefutable figures (gathered during his tenure as director of the Labor Relations Section of the Works Progress Administration) Mr. Anderson shatters many prejudiced notions about the unemployed. He shows clearly where the instigated charges of laziness come from, and indicates that the people who complain loudest about WPA workers refusing to accept private employment are those who offer employment at "$9 per week for six twelve-hour days and a package of cigarettes for overtime." The major part of the book is devoted to the work-relief program, the main policies of the WPA as established by its socially minded administrator, and the difficulties encountered in carrying the program from theory into practice.

So convinced is Mr. Anderson of the essential rightness of WPA that he falls into the trap of subtle evasion as a method of slurring over the program's weaknesses.

For instance, in his discussion of the attempt on the part of the WPA to get away from the humiliating treatment of needy workers in the past, he states: "The principle that government benefits must be democratically distributed among those qualified to receive them applies to relief benefits as much as to the benefits of police protection, the mail service, or free education." And a little later he states: "Once the workers have been selected or 'certified' for work, the next step is to assign them the work they can do, or to find work they are fitted for." But no mention is made that in order to be "certified" for work the applicant must go through the investigation of some local Emergency Relief Bureau, an agency less advanced than the WPA. The ERB is aware that once a person is "certified" for need, the state or county relief administration will have to take care of him if a job is not found for him with WPA. In order to keep its relief rolls low, practically every certifying agency subjects applicants to humiliating inquiries. Mr. Anderson's arguments would imply that the WPA should do its own certifying.

This naturally leads to another topic touched upon by Mr. Anderson; namely, the danger of segregating the unemployed into a separate class within our communities who, in time, would become the American Untouchables. And undoubtedly, such folk-lorists as Sokolsky could even prove that "reliefers" sprang from the little toes of Manu and were originally of a lower order. According to Mr. Anderson, 77 percent of the unemployed registered with the United States Employment Service are under forty-five years of age; fully one-third are under twenty-five years of age. What is being done for these young people to spare them from becoming a declassed group?

Mr. Anderson implies that much has been done. But from his own data it is apparent that though WPA is on the right road, it has still far to travel before it can successfully solve the unemployment problem.

To begin with, less than one-half of the unemployed are taken care of by WPA, CCC, and NYA. The government must extend its work-relief activities to include all the unemployed. Moreover, wage scales should be raised 20 percent for all categories of workers throughout the country.

Just as important as the extension of WPA is the need for its studied review of its experiences with projects now in operation and to plan with the utmost care its future activities. Mr. Anderson devotes some space to the difficulties of creating jobs for the unemployed that at the time do not produce goods or services that are competitive with private enterprises. But the experience of WPA has clearly shown that strictly non-competitive projects have not been the best to build up the morale of the workers. Just as the WPA has recognized the worker's right to work, it must also recognize his right to useful work. Every normal human being who has the will to live, has the will to be effective and socially useful. And on WPA, where the ceiling of security wages is low and the hope of promotion practically non-existent, the work offered must be of such a nature as to convince the workers of its value and usefulness.

In this respect Mr. Anderson's book opens a vast and new discussion: the right of unemployed workers to the right kind of work. It leads to the consideration of the WPA establishing planning boards for the various sections of its activities, devoted to the seasoned planning of tasks that would generate hope and self-respect in the unemployed workers. This may involve experimentation with the combining of work-relief and workers' cooperatives, or, even, work-relief projects in partnership with state, country or private organizations, where the individual worker

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would find pride in his accomplishments.

Mr. Anderson cites a WPA project in a Southern town where the workers put in overtime to complete the paving of their Main Street, "lifting it out of the mud and dust." When the paving was completed the people celebrated with dancing in the street.

The WPA needs more projects that will fill the workers with the desire to dance when the work is done.

WILLIAM SPENCER.

Odyssey of the Jews

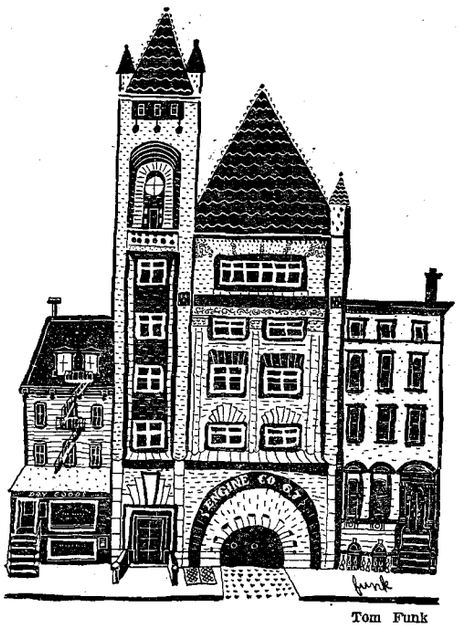
THE FISHMANS, *by H. W. Katz. Translated by Maurice Samuel. Viking Press. $2.50.*

OF THE fiction published in America by German exiles, it is significant to note that a large proportion have been cast in the form of topical novels—a form, that is to say, which is primarily concerned with the fictional reinterpretation of current events. The enormous psychological pressure of these events in post-war and Nazi Germany, must have served to stamp them irrevocably in the consciousness of the creative artist; and the novels of Renn, Liepmann, Schoenstadt, and Bruno Frank have all rehearsed the drama of cultural barbarism as it appeared on the political stage. In this prize novel by a young German-Jewish exile, however, the emphasis is turned away from the political event towards a recapitulation of the author's past, which is at the same time the eternally tragic past of his people. Mr. Katz dissociates himself from all trace of the merely illustrative or informative, escaping the facile contemporaneity of reportage which is all too often the limiting sphere of the topical novel. Instead, he attempts to discover a focus for his values in the experiential texture of individual lives; and in order to do so he relegates the historical implications of his theme to the background, from where they are drawn up only as they enter the total qualitative experience of his characters.

As a consequence of this shift in accentuation, the great problem facing Mr. Katz was the problem of style. Since the action centering around the Fishmans is always reduced to their commonplace perspective, it does not, of course, generate its own meaning in terms of some historical or social context. Whatever values Mr. Katz intended to express could only be conveyed by his treatment; and since the narrative structure of *The Fishmans* is simple first-person autobiography, *treatment* in this instance can only mean style. Hence the notable success which Mr. Katz achieves in his first section can be traced to the half-humorous, half-pathetic tone with which he evokes the lives of his protagonists, Yossel and Leah Fishman, and their little village of Strody on the Stryj located in pre-war Galicia. This stylistic quality reflects the naive simplicity and the guileless humanity which are the Fishmans' outstanding traits; and by viewing the brutalities of anti-Semitism through the framework of the Fishmans as a family group, Mr. Katz is able to present a devastating criticism which arises naturally from his whole conception of character.

In so far as Mr. Katz is able to maintain the exquisite tenderness of his tone, *The Fishmans* remains a unique and sensitive novel. But unfortunately this is only possible in the first part, where the scene is static, and where Mr. Katz has the leisure to develop his overtones by a judicious use of detail. When he writes about Yossel Fishman's journey to America, however, or Leah Fishman's wanderings on a refugee train during the war, the demands of exposition preclude those nuances which are the essence of his method; and instead of the emotive juxtaposition which invests the Fishmans with their poignancy, one receives a straightforward account which rarely attains the ironic incongruity of the previous section. Mr. Katz apparently sensed this discrepancy, for he studs his concluding pages with incidents designed to capture this effect—and in one sense that is the measure of his failure, for the quality of *The Fishmans* does not depend upon incident but upon a sensibility diffused into the very texture of the prose.

JOSEPH FRANK.



Tom Funk

Analysis of Race Prejudices

WE AMERICANS: A STUDY OF CLEAVAGE IN AN AMERICAN CITY, *by Elin L. Anderson. Harvard University Press. $3.*

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upon human relations. As a believer in the democracy of the American dream, she is clearly disturbed by the prejudices and consequent discriminations which she finds in this conservative, individualistic community. Foreigners have insensibly penetrated the town and its occupations until now 66 percent of the population are other than Old Americans, but the latter retain control of the banks, most of the city's manufacturing, and the university. The challenge of the New Americans, the Irish, Jews, French-Canadians, to the dominance of Old Americans generates frictions which pervade every phase of social and economic life.

The author is aware that "particularly since the economic and political uncertainty of recent years, consciousness of class is coming to be more important than consciousness of 'race' as such." She cites the pertinent comment of one Irishman who said that "there's damn little fat in thinking you're better than an Eyetalian if neither of you can pay the rent." But she finds that this realization has not produced an alignment of workers comparable to that brought about among the business men by the Chamber of Commerce. At the time her facts were collected, there was an absence of union leadership and organization to give class cohesion to workers that would transcend the chasms of ethnic divisions deepened by the practices of dignitaries of the churches.

One cannot fail to become conscious, as one reads this book, of the latent soil of fascist ideology that exists in the United States, particularly in the prevailing attitudes toward Jews that Miss Anderson describes. The author realizes that the task of effacing these prejudices is essential to the development, functioning, and preservation of democracy.

BERNHARD J. STERN.

★

MAGAZINE

STATE OF AFFAIRS, *July-August, 1938. 10 cents.*

New York State voters will find this publication extremely useful in the coming elections. Issued by the Legislative and Research Bureau of the Communist Party of that state, the present issue provides a comprehensive analysis of Tammany and reaction, as well as a tabulation of the voting strength of parties in each assembly district. Another article gives an illuminating historical account of "Tammany's Betrayal of the Irish" from the time when Aaron Burr used the organization in an attempt to place himself in the White House as an opposition candidate to Thomas Jefferson in 1800. The vote records of various congressmen are analyzed in the light of the major issues which face the country and the specific local interests of the people whom they represent. John J. O'Connor and Bruce Barton are taken for a well deserved sleigh ride.

The issue is informative and suggestive. It serves as a model for legislative research and interpretation. One would like to see a publication of this type issued in every state in the union, since intelligent voting based on facts and figures is the basis for a victory over reaction in the crucial fall elections.

★ ★ ★

MEDITATION ON ANCESTRY

What disparate pasts we had, what separate sleeping,
when schools of us, like swimmers under ice,
found no clear air-hole,
were bound for drowning.

We traveled sinuous dream among blue mermen,
grace of the fox-tail fern, face of the moonfish,
our only stars
of protoplasm.

Now from the pool we emerge, glistening, gasping,
amazed by our vertebrate stance, and, chilled
by the air's knowledge,
advance, whispering.

This erect motion, the wind, the arched tree strumming
the cliff, inform us fiercely, till we speak
the lung's important will,
the cry of union.

The riverine dream flows, but emigration
carries up canyons head-wild scalers of
the mountain life
of revolution.

ROBERT BHAIN CAMPBELL.

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MOVIES

CONFUSING headlines from the Far East where Japan's Manchukuoan army faces Marshal Blücher's Red Army in Siberia become clear in a remarkable new Soviet movie, *The Defense of Volochayevsk*. Japan's first war drive against the infant Soviet Union occurred in 1918. The second act, twenty years later, has a direct organic relation to the struggles of interventionist days on the Siberian taiga. Recalling this lesson of history to a new revolutionary generation is the task of this picture by the Vassiliev brothers, authors of *Chapayev*.

The uncanny timeliness of the picture is not at all uncanny when you realize that the Soviet Union has known for a long time exactly what the Japanese were up to, and the movie production schedule has been geared up to the emergency. It is a preparedness picture which is the more valuable because it is not a jingo picture. The Japanese are not pictured as ogres. The film has a delightful comic interlude in which a captured Japanese infantryman is learning to know his captors. First he kneels for the coup de grace but a Red Army man tells him instead to scram, go back to his own people and tell them we are not like we are pictured in the goblin books issued to the soldiers of Nippon. The little captive is so intrigued by this startling situation that he follows the Red back to the barracks. There a huge, bearded sailor attempts to talk with him in sign language. When the sailor asks him if he has any children by indicating the height of a child, the Japanese slaps him. Then another Bolshevik explains that their captive took the gesture as a reflection on his own short stature, and the air is cleared by a patient little lecture to the effect that such snide attitudes are not in character to a Red partisan. The little captive joins the Reds and fights with them throughout the wintry campaign.

The villain of the picture, one Colonel Usuzhima, is played by Lev Sverdlin, who is the Russian specialist in Japanese militarist

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types. The portrait is in full color, from his glib conversational catechism of Russian literature which fails him after the fifth illustrious name to the satirical scene in which he ostentatiously bathes outdoors in the largest stewpot in a captured village.

The story has a mass hero—the dogged, heroic partisans who organized guerrilla maneuvers against the invaders until the Red Army arrived and forced evacuation of Colonel Usuzhima's forces. The material was gathered by the Vassiliev brothers by the democratic process of interviewing old partisans for their personal experiences. The Soviet people feel that their movies are part of them, not only serving their interests but having direct origins in common experience.

Shostakovitch, who has been "purged" in the fink press almost as often as Lenin was "assassinated" in 1917-18, has written an eloquent musical score for *The Defense of Volochayevsk*—an unobtrusive accompaniment which finds its expression through the accordions and the marching songs of the partisans.

For all of its rich content, *Defense* is not the picture that *Chapayev* was. Its pace is slow and the mass of incident is not woven into the single movement of *Chapayev*. Perhaps the testimony of each veteran of the war tended to confuse the bigger prospect. I am reminded of a question I once asked of a battlefield guide at Gettysburg when I was a nosy kid. I wanted to know why there were no actual veterans of Gettysburg showing visitors over the grounds. The youthful guide said the idea had been tried but the old gaffers tended to interpret the Battle of Gettysburg exclusively in terms of, "Here was I, a settin' behind this stone wall right here and a johnny reb poked his nose around that tree right there and I winged him through the ear neat as pie." Naturally, visitors didn't get a very clear picture of the great battle from this fervent personal point of view.

For exciting and instructive background of the current situation in the Far East, don't miss *The Defense of Volochayevsk*.

Tom Funk

IF I WERE Bob Rosson or Leonardo Bercovici, the authors of *Racket Busters,* I would have put one more line into the script. This would have occurred during the strike sequence when the truck drivers, whose association had been captured by racketeers, were sitting idly in the street by their parked trucks after they had been called out by the racketeers. The crowd of women on the curb were hooting the strikers and pelting them with garbage. A series of newspaper headlines had been thrown up on the screen announcing that the strike was imperiling New York's food supply; that seven million people were endangered by the stoppage at Washington Market. My line would have been said by a formidable Italian woman in the group of angry consumers on the curb—"We'll starve if it's higher wages you want, but we won't stand by and watch you knuckling down to racketeers."

Otherwise the reaction of the women, the consumers, would seem to be their attitude toward any strike, a thing we know is not true of the public when workers are on strike. The attitude of the crowd on the screen carries over to the crowd in the movie theater. Both may misunderstand the issue. The women with the missiles do not indicate that they understand the peculiar issues of this strike, which is one of the infinitesimal number of American strikes led by racketeers. Similarly the audience has been done a disservice by the selection of a racketeer-led strike as the denouement of this otherwise excellent picture. The nature of the strike is also vague. The men are owner-drivers and salaried drivers, and their organization is referred to in the film as an "association." The word "strike" is not used, but this is a strike if I ever saw one. Few movies handle strike situations, and fewer yet have the friendly and intelligent viewpoint of a skilled labor reporter. *Racket Busters* is this kind of admirable picture, the best and most mature of Warner Brothers' front page melodramas.

The picture comes out of the court records of Thomas E. Dewey's racket trials, and the nominal hero, Special Prosecutor Allison, is reduced to his proper stature in a conflict essentially involving the truck drivers and the small commission merchants against the racketeers. The gangsters, led by one Martin (Humphrey Bogart), move in on Washington Market, beginning with the capture of the teamsters' association by intimidation and truck burnings. Denny Jordan (George Brent), a resourceful and ruggedly individualist truck driver, who belongs to the old association because he "likes the fellows" vigorously opposes the racketeer invasion on the grounds that he doesn't want anybody telling him how to run his business, racketeers or unions.

For his belligerency his trucks are burned, his pregnant wife threatened, and his business with the commission merchants is shut off by the racketeers. He retaliates in characteristic fashion by a one-man raid on the gangster headquarters, where he hijacks a satchelful of money for his wife's confinement and to buy

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new trucks. The gang catches him and, realizing that he is a powerful leader of the rebellious teamsters, Martin forces him into the new "association" rather than killing him.

When Denny joins the gangster association, the other workers will have no part of him. His wife threatens divorce.

In the meantime, the special prosecutor finds he cannot make the victims talk because of their fear of the gang. Many interviews between him and the union men reveal the fair attitude of the picture toward union problems. Finally, the prosecutor obtains a court order, giving him broad powers over the witnesses, and he chooses to arrest Denny for contempt of court, largely because Denny has apparently betrayed the fight against the gang.

This legal move forces the mob to act quickly if they are to capture the rest of the market business. Faced with witnesses talking right and left and resistance of the commission merchants, they call a truck walkout in order to force the commission merchants into their power. Now for the rub. The fact that the defeat of the gangsters depends on the breaking of the strike is a dangerous dramatic device. It will tend to confirm the Girdler theory of the lawlessness of labor. The Hearst press has already recognized the confusing effect of *Racket Busters* by serializing the story. This is doubly regrettable in the light of straightforward, sympathetic presentation of the picture as a whole. The enemies of labor are too often served best by derelictions among labor's friends.

The picture ends on the routing of the racketeers, a trial scene where Martin is given a maximum sentence, and the clinch fadeout with Denny telling his wife that he has learned his lesson that you gotta stick together. "One guy can't do it alone." In a picture with an extremely well-fashioned plot, which ostensibly tells the story of a crusading special prosecutor, yet carries so much more real background with it, this is the main theme—the progress of honest worker Denny Jordan, from a rugged individualist to a good union man. It's just too damn bad that the job is dirtied up with the clever and damaging strike climax.

UNLIKE SAM GOLDWYN, who once lacked the temerity to shoot a script by Maurice Maeterlinck in which the hero was a bee, Darryl Zanuck has given the somnolent public an opus in which the hero is a tune. *Alexander's Ragtime Band* has some pretty humans to play foil for Irving Berlin's popular songs, twenty-six of them, but without the music the picture is muggy celluloid indeed. Don Ameche, Tyrone Power, and Alice Faye are the triangle upon which the music is played. Jack Haley and Ethel Merman do the rest of the chants, laments, and protestations of undying love, in a more fetching manner. The way is still open for a great picture about the birth and adolescence of jazz, but I assure Mr. Zanuck that he will never make it. In fact, I implore him not to.

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—in a special interview with MYRA PAGE
in next week's NEW MASSES

SINCE March 18 at least, every intelligent American knows that what goes on in Mexico is as important to progressives in the United States as the war in Spain, Lord Runciman in Prague, or La Follette's unhappy performance in Wisconsin. But to discover what really is happening in Mexico is impossible from misleading reports in leading capitalist papers, most of whose correspondents are happy to reflect the hopes of fascist and big business interests and repeat without question their propaganda against Cárdenas and the Mexican workers.

Brilliant contrast to this outpouring of confusion has been the series of behind-the-scenes analyses in *New Masses* (March 8, April 5, August 16) by Marc Frank, our Mexico correspondent, culminating this week *(page 18)* in documentary proof of German and Japanese subsidization of the forces opposing Cárdenas.

Next week you will hear direct from the lips of President Cárdenas, what the people of Mexico are doing and intend to do further to build a strong, democratic government based on better economic conditions for all the people. In an interview with Myra Page, especially for *New Masses,* President Cárdenas answers Mexico's critics, explains his government's program for land reform, government ownership of railroads and oil fields, its treatment of religion, national minorities, small landholders, and its idea of real Good-Neighborism.

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